

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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[ONE PENNY.]

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

At the present time a book written by Mr. Maguire appears; and though it will occasion disappointment to readers who have been led to hope that it would enlighten them concerning the numbers and objects of the American Fenians, the book deserves attention. In Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, the Canadas, the States, wherever he went, he encountered Irishmen who had left Ireland with no capital but a box of tools and knowledge of a craft, and, in less than twenty years of labour, have risen to be men of substance—landowners with comfortable homesteads and money laid by in banks. He never entered a city in which Irishmen were not to be found in the professions, in commerce, in public life, who had earned wealth and social respect by their own rightly-directed energies. In humbler departments of industry he saw his compatriots no less respectable and prosperous than their English, Scotch, German, or native American competitors. But it is in the country—in the

backwoods or on the farms of settled districts—away from the allurements of taverns and the treacherous friendship of pot-house politicians—that the American Irish are seen to best advantage, and in the enjoyment of almost universal good fortune. From what he saw of their rowdiness and indigence in the great cities, and their general sobriety and prosperousness in the rural districts, Mr. Maguire argues, that whereas the average Irishman is less adapted than men of non-Irish extraction to endure city life, he is specially qualified to thrive as a toiler "on the land." To succeed as an emigrant Pat must abstain from drink; but in Transatlantic cities his special infirmity is exposed to extraordinary trial by usages which make the tavern-bar a place of resort for social amusement or the transaction of business with men of all classes. Not, urges Mr. Maguire, that Pat drinks more than the average inhabitant of an American city, but because he suffers more from indulgence in alcohol than the Scot or the Englishman. "Do the Irish drink," the author inquires, "more than the people of any other nationality in America? The result of my observation and inquiries leads me to the conviction that

they do not. How, then, comes it that the habit, if common to all, is so pernicious to them? There are many and various reasons why this is so. . . . The Americans drink, the Germans drink, the Scotch drink, the English drink—all drink, with more or less injury to their health or circumstances; but whatever the injury to these, or any of these, it is far greater to the mercurial and light-hearted Irish than to races of hard head and lethargic temperament." On this point Mr. Maguire may be right as to the facts; but his use of them by no means clears the Irish of the charge of intemperance. A man's power to "stand drink" is, in a certain rude way, a measure of the extent to which he may indulge in drink without sin; and he is a drunkard in proportion as he exceeds that power. So long as he does not injure his health, or diminish his usefulness, or violate social decorum through indulgence, no man is fairly chargeable with intemperance. Consequently, what is moderate indulgence in the case of men of strong nerves and sluggish temperament, may be actual excess in the case of men who are more readily affected by stimulants.



WINTER SPORTS.—RABBIT SHOOTING.



## COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE directors of the National Provincial Bank of England have ordered a bonus of 10 per cent. to be presented to the officers and clerks of the company upon their salaries for the year 1867.

THE Dean of Winchester (Dr. Garnier), who is in his ninety-second year, officiated at the cathedral at both services on Christmas-day. He read the Communion Service in the morning and the evening prayers.

WE regret to state that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer met with an accident at Hawarden Castle on Monday evening last. The hon. gentleman was standing by a tree which was being cut down, when a piece flew and wounded him in the eye. Later intelligence says that fortunately the sight is unimpaired.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Princess Henriette, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine service at Whippingham, on Sunday morning. The Rev. George Prothero, assisted by the Rev. R. Duckworth, officiated, and administered the Sacrament of the Holy Communion.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES was able on Christmas-day to proceed to the pretty little church in the Park at Sandringham, for the first time since Her Royal Highness's illness, where she received the Holy Communion, administered by the Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., rector, and private chaplain to the Prince of Wales, assisted by the Rev. F. Hope Grant.

THE Duke of Buckingham and Chandos has with great liberality paid £1,700, the cost of building a new church for the extra-parochial hamlets of Westcott and Woodham, near to Waddesdon, in Bucks. His Grace has also presented the site, which covers upwards of an acre of ground, and provided for the endowment of the edifice, which has been completed, and was opened a few days ago by the bishop.

It has been currently reported that Lord Cranborne, who is one of the new board of directors of the Great Eastern Railway, as recommended by the committee of shareholders, had declined to join the board thus nominated. We are informed that there is no foundation for this rumour. Lord Cranborne, who had already intimated to the committee his acceptance of the post of director, has not changed his opinion, and his name will be proposed to the meeting on Friday for election. There is every probability that his brother directors will afterwards nominate him as their chairman—a post which, we need hardly say, he is by his sterling integrity of character thoroughly competent to fill.

FENIAN TUMULTS from all parts of the country are plentiful. It is said that 90,000 special constables have been sworn in already. On the inhabitants of Cowes loyally offering their services in that capacity or to do anything else that might be thought requisite to secure Her Majesty's personal safety while residing at Osborne, the Queen, with a noble courage worthy of her spirited predecessor Queen Elizabeth, directed her anxious lieges at Cowes to be informed that she has not and never had any fears for her personal safety. The Government, however, are very wisely taking precautionary measures wherever mischief might be done by the evil-minded miscreants who call themselves Fenians.

THE death is announced of Maria Countess of Harrington, which took place at her residence in Richmond-terrace, Whitehall, after a short illness, from bronchitis. The Countess, previously to her marriage to Charles, fourth Earl of Harrington, in April, 1831, was one of the most popular actresses on the stage. She was the daughter of Mr. Samuel T. Foote, a descendant of the celebrated Samuel Foote, and was born at Plymouth in June, 1793, consequently the Countess was in her seventieth year. Her father was in the army, but after selling out he became manager of the Plymouth Theatre. He married a beautiful and accomplished woman, a member of a family of fortune and high respectability. At the early age of twelve—namely, in July, 1810, Maria Foote made her debut on the stage at her father's theatre at Plymouth, in the character of Juliet. In 1811 Miss Foote made her first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden Theatre, as Amandine, in "The Child of Nature." Her success was extraordinarily great. By her marriage with the Earl of Harrington, who died in March, 1851, she had an only son, Charles, Viscount Petersham, who died in 1836, in his fifth year; and Lady Jane St. Maur Blanche, married to the Earl of Mount-Charls.

THE readiness with which a large number of respectable persons have voluntarily presented themselves, not only in every district of the metropolis, but in the populous seats of industry in the North, to act as special constables, shows that there is no sympathy with Fenianism in this country. It is a proof that the shocking outrages which have latterly been perpetrated are due to a few infatuated ignorant persons, directed by others who supply the requisite funds, but carefully keep themselves in the background and out of harm's way. At the Guildhall more than 3,000 special constables have been enrolled, and most of the metropolitan districts have shown a similar praiseworthy patriotism. On every occasion when the voluntary constables have appeared in force the public appears to have gone out of the way to express its sympathy with their objects and spirit. Thus on Thursday evening, in marching through the streets of the Thames police district at the east of London, they were received with a cordiality which almost reached enthusiasm. On entering Arbour-street, East Stepney, they met a band of volunteers, who at once began to play "God save the Queen," upon which there was a cry of "Hats off!" and the vast crowd which had assembled immediately uncovered. When the music ceased there was given with equal unanimity three hearty cheers for the Queen and three groans for the Fenians. We are glad to learn that the London Irish Rifle Volunteers are making preparations for their enrolment as special constables.

A GLOOM has been cast over the Christmas festivities at the mansion and in the village of Ashton Clinton, by the sudden death of the Hon. Victor Alexander Yorke, third son of the Earl of Hardwicke. The hon. gentleman had been saying at Sir A. De Rothschild's, and had engaged to take part in an entertainment given to the villagers in Lady Rothschild's Girls' School-room, on Monday evening. After an overture, played by the Misses Rothschild, Mr. Yorke sang, with touching effect, a song, "The Children's Kingdom," and the school children then sang Mendelssohn's "Departure." Mr. Yorke then commenced reading Tennyson's "Grandmother," which he prefaced by a few remarks, but on coming to the words, "He stood like a rock," he fell forward from the platform, nearly at the feet of Lady Rothschild, evidently in a fit, from which he never rallied. He was removed to the schoolmistress's room, where every attention was paid to him by Lady De Rothschild and the Misses De Rothschild. Mr. Sealey, of Aylesbury, and Mr. Pope, of Tring, were summoned, but their assistance was of no avail, and he expired about a quarter past eleven. On the following day the Rev. E. Bonus proceeded to Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire, the seat of Earl Hardwicke, to break the melancholy news to the family, who were all assembled with the exception of the deceased gentleman, who was expected to complete the party, and join in the Christmas festivities. Mr. Yorke was under medical treatment, having had a fit about two months ago, and it was therefore not necessary to hold an inquest. He was twenty-five years of age, and was a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery. He was universally beloved, and his loss will be deeply felt by a large circle. His remains were conveyed on Thursday to Tring, en route to Wimpole Hall, from whence the funeral took place.

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

MR. SULLIVAN, the editor of the *Nation*, has been summoned to appear before the Dublin magistrates to answer for his part in the funeral procession in the Irish capital, and committed for trial.

A YOUNG MAN named Bell, was last week shot at Kirkcaldy, Cumberland, whilst shooting. He was in company with another man, whose gun accidentally went off, the contents of the barrel lodging in the back part of Bell's right leg. He only lived for twelve hours after the accident.

THE non-commissioned officers and men of the 43rd Light Infantry who were entitled to the Bands and Kirwan prize-money, received their first instalment on the 21st ult., at Aldershot, a private's share amounting to £50, and a sergeant's to £100. About 120 non-commissioned officers and men received the above amounts, and in the afternoon of the same day 80 of the recipients went on furlough.

ON Thursday night, between the Railway Bridge and the Cattle Market, Ipswich, Mr. J. Goodhall picked up the mail bag containing the registered letters. Fortunately there was time to send the bag over to the station to catch the up mail, so that no loss or delay occurred. This is the second time the bag containing the registered letters from this post-office has been lost, and it will be remembered that on a former occasion it was never recovered.

ABOUT noon on Saturday a boiler used in a steam corn mill at Burnley exploded, and carried ruin, death, or injury, to everything within its influence. The boiler itself was blown 60 to 70 yards, and fell with a fearful crash on the roofs of two shops in the main street, carrying away in its progress the roof of a cottage and demolishing an inn. The fireman was killed instantly, and a man at work in one of the shops on which the boiler fell is not expected to recover. Some women and children also were seriously scalded. The windows throughout the neighbourhood were broken, and the damage to property is immense.

THE Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life was, on Thursday the 20th ult., presented by the vicar of Ryde to Alfred Gregory, one of the porters on the pier, for saving the life of a boy 12 years of age, the son of the Rev. R. Wilkins, of Ryde. It appears that the youth was fishing at the end of the pier on the 5th of November last, when he suddenly fell into deep water and was drifted out by the tide, running at the time in a westerly direction. He was just sinking for the second time, having never got his head above water since his immersion, when Gregory most gallantly plunged in, and, catching him by the feet, brought him safely to shore. This is the fifth life saved from drowning by the porter Gregory, though he now receives the medal for the first time.

A TERRIBLE accident at the Faversham Powder Mills took place on Saturday forenoon. The quantity of explosive material must have been considerable, as the shock appears to have been terrific. The whole of the buildings belonging to the works were reduced to ruins, and eleven men working therein blown to pieces. The houses in Faversham, at about two miles' distance, were rocked and shaken as by an earthquake, windows were broken, and persons thrown down. At Canterbury, eight miles off, the noise of the explosion alarmed the whole city. Although rumours of Fenianism had been current for some time in reference to these mills, the proprietors, Messrs. Hall and Sons, have written to say that there is no ground for believing that the sad catastrophe was anything more than an accident.

AN engineer of one of the steam packet companies has been apprehended at Southampton for endeavouring to persuade two of the 60th Rifles, stationed at the Government powder magazines at Marchwood, on Southampton Water, to take the Fenian oath. The prisoner met the soldiers at the Wheat Sheaf Inn at Southampton, on Thursday. The latter reported the matter to their corporal, who was in Southampton at the time, and the prisoner was apprehended the same night. The Mayor was sent for, and his worship immediately reported the circumstance to the Secretary of State. The prisoner was examined before the magistrates and was remanded. A letter from Southampton says that the prisoner was drunk and that there is no reason at all to suppose that he is a Fenian.—The charge has since been dismissed.

THE Government made a contract with Liebig's Extract of Meat Company (Limited) for the supply of the company's extract to the troops of the Abyssinian expedition. The extract is packed in small jars, which a soldier can easily carry with him, being enabled thereby to dispense with fresh meat for a number of days, and to cook a palatable soup in fifteen or twenty minutes, at any halting place where hot water can be procured. The Government were no doubt guided in this decision by the experience gained in the last German war, it having been acknowledged by many officers and men that they owed to the use of this extract of meat the preservation of excellent health. In many cases fresh meat distributed to the troops in the morning was spoiled by the effect of heat at the time it was wanted; the extract in all such cases proved an efficient substitute for meat.

ON Sunday Mr. Woodman, the chief summoning officer of Camberwell, gave information to the coroner for East Surrey of the following fearful occurrence. It appears that on Boxing-night a female named Ann Wood, the wife of a warrant officer at Greenwich Hospital, had been out during the principal portion of the day, and meeting with some friends drank so freely that she became intoxicated. Whilst in that state she applied to the booking clerk at the Peckham Station of the South London Extension Railway for a ticket to Deptford. The clerk refused to grant it, and advised her to walk home. She then went away, but soon afterwards returned, and made another application for a ticket, which was again refused her. Nothing more was seen of her for some hours, when a plate-layer found her body lying across the metals of the permanent way near the Kent-road; the right arm was nearly severed from the body, and the left hand was badly cut, and there is no doubt that the wheels of the carriage passed over her. The body was removed to the nearest shed to await the inquest.

JUST at the moment when we were congratulating ourselves on our freedom this winter from any Fenian manifestations the public were surprised, says an Irish letter, to learn that an attack had been made on a Martello tower near Queenstown. In its character it exactly coincided with the conduct of the Fenians during the rising last March. Then large bodies of men at night surrounded country houses, and forced from the terrified inmates any firearms they might possess. At Fota a number of armed men with blackened faces took possession of a Martello tower occupied by only two coastguards, and carried away a quantity of ammunition and small arms. It is believed that the men, who possessed revolvers, landed from boats between ten and eleven o'clock on Thursday night, and while the two gunners were at tea. A complete surprise having been effected the latter had to surrender, and the attacking party secured any arms they could take away with them. One of the coastguards in charge of the tower escaped to the roof and waved a lighted lantern towards a train which was proceeding from Queenstown to Cork at the time. Several passengers in the train have since stated that they distinctly heard the firing of muskets and field-pieces, and saw the lantern. An investigation was made by the police into the affair. It appears that no violence was offered to the gunners, and that after taking possession of the ammunition they returned to their boats, and proceeded in the direction of the opposite side of the river—in the direction of Passage. It was stated on Friday night that the perpetrators of this extraordinary affair have been traced to that town, and that the greater number of them are carpenters employed in the neighbouring dockyards.

## METROPOLITAN.

WE regret to announce the death, on Friday, of Mr. William H. Godson, who had for nearly twenty years occupied the position of superintendent of the London and South-Western Railway, and whose connection with the line dates from its first opening. Mr. Godson had been suffering from severe illness for several months, and during that time lost his wife, so that his family now labour under a double affliction.

ON Saturday Burke and Casey were again brought up on remand at Bow-street, when a third prisoner, who rejoices in several other designations, but who is charged as Shaw alias Mullaney, was placed at the bar with them. This was the man spoken to by several of the witnesses as being with Burke when the latter ordered revolvers, percussion caps, and other similar matters, to be used in the Irish rising last spring. The prisoners were again remanded.

ON Monday, the five prisoners charged with the murder of the persons killed by the Fenian explosion in Corporation-lane, Clerkenwell, were again examined before Sir Thos. Henry at Bow-street. They are the two Desmonds, Allen, English, and Anne Justice. A great deal of evidence was taken, all tending to establish the criminality of the prisoners, who eventually were again remanded. The case against the Desmonds, English, O'Keefe, and Mullaney in respect to the charge of treason-felony, was also strengthened by the additional testimony of the two police-officers, Bunce and Halbot, and the inquiry was then adjourned for a week.

MR. William Payne, the City coroner, held an inquest at Guy's Hospital, on Saturday evening, touching the death of Patrick Kinahan, aged 47, who lost his life under the following singular circumstances:—Captain Richard Harris said that on last Thursday night, he was on board his ship, the Grocer, now lying at Toppin's Wharf. He heard a splash, and a voice exclaim, "Oh! don't let me go." Witness procured a rope, one end of which he threw into the water to deceased; but before he could be rescued he was drowned. Witness said that it was very foggy that night, and he was led to believe that he had walked from the wharf into the water. The deceased was night watchman at Toppin's Wharf. The jury were of opinion that the case was accidental, and returned a verdict accordingly.

ON Saturday an inquest was held in Whitecross-street on the body of Charlotte Hannah Dibley, aged five months. The mother of deceased, the wife of a hat presser, out of work for some months, was out with the child on Christmas-eve trying to sell some artificial flowers, when she suddenly found that it was dead. They had been in a state of starvation for some time. Dr. Henry Franklin said that the child was brought into his surgery quite dead. The body was dreadfully emaciated. There was not a particle of fat on any of the organs. Death arose from mesenteric disease from want of proper food. The stomach and intestines were empty and transparent from long continued privation. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased child was found dead from mesenteric disease, resulting from the privations of the mother and want of proper food.

A SHOCKING termination to a family quarrel took place at Islington on Sunday. A respectable shoemaker, named Balliat, was sitting down to dinner with his son and daughter and son-in-law. The two younger men quarrelled, and had what in the evidence is called a "tussle." They were parted, and Balliat, jun. (a man of about thirty-nine years of age), left the room. The remainder of the party then resumed their seats, but had hardly done so when the accused returned, seized his father by the head, pulled it over the chair back, and drew a knife across the throat of the old man, who fortunately was able to put up his hand and thus saved his life, as the wound on the throat was slight, while three of his fingers were nearly cut from the hand. The prisoner made use of some expressions which appeared as though what he did was the result of premeditation; but on being taken into custody he made no defence. He was remanded.

ON Monday morning the neighbourhood of St. James's was thrown into great excitement by the furious running of a white cow, followed by crowds of between 200 and 300 roughs, whose shoutings had driven the animal into a state nearly approaching madness. After knocking down several persons in St. James's-street, it suddenly dashed through Park-place and into the courtyard of Vernon House, the residence of Lord Redesdale, followed by the mob. This being a *cul de sac* the animal was fairly entrapped and might have been easily secured. No one, however, was there to claim it, and the mob kept exciting it for upwards of twenty minutes, when it again started, overthrowing several of the rabble, and severely injuring one youth. It ran through Ryder-street, Duke-street, and Pall-mall, and finally got into St. James's Park by way of the Duke of York's steps. A number of persons were knocked down by the cow in the course of its run. Not a single policeman could be found whilst the animal was at Lord Redesdale's, although the immense mob of roughs were shouting and climbing over the walls of the surrounding houses the whole time it remained there.

## FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

"We cannot be at the same time Revolutionists abroad, and Conservatives at home"—so dogmatizes the *Journal de Paris*. But why not? Why may we not be resolute in upholding the blessings of good government in our own country, and at the same time be desirous that other nations should be equally fortunate? Conservative as we are, and because we have something to conserve, we sympathize with every people that strives to secure equal advantages for itself. There is no conceivable analogy between the insane outrage at Clerkenwell and the attempt to blow up the barracks of the Pontifical Zouaves in Rome. Though we certainly do not owe to any man in favour of the latter proceeding, it was at least directed against open and avowed enemies, whereas the former was levelled against an innocent and peaceful population, chiefly consisting of women and children. For the rest, it is good for both countries when a slight tinge of jealousy colours the mutual relations of France and England. A cordial alliance has never been to the honour or advantage of this country. A distant bowing acquaintance is all that we ask or desire.—*Leader*.

## HOLLAND AND ITS KING.

THE King of Holland has just taken a step the consequences of which may turn out to be much graver than probably he anticipates. In consequence of an adverse vote in the Second Chamber of the States General, the Ministry tendered their resignations. The King took time for consideration, desiring the Ministers to retain office in the meanwhile, and has now decided not to part with them. The Chamber has deliberately rejected the Budget for foreign affairs, and passed censure on the Minister of that department. Yet the King, setting aside the opinion of the Chamber, sends back to it the Minister whom it has condemned in the strongest manner. His Majesty has, of course, the proper alternative of dissolving the Chamber, but it is still uncertain whether he will avail himself of it; there can be no doubt that the elections would put the Government in a worse rather than a better position. The resolution of the King to retain his Ministers in defiance of the Second Chamber is said to have been come to after he had consulted each member of the First Chamber separately.

The dispute between the Dutch Government and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg as to the claim by the former of an old debt of some 7,000,000 francs, dating from the division of the debt between Belgium and Holland in 1831, still continues. The Dutch Government has rejected the arbitration proposed by the Grand Duchy.



## PROVINCIAL.

The jury in the protracted case of *Harris v. Bagot* in the Dublin courts were discharged, having been unable to agree upon a verdict. This suit has been known as the Sidney bill case, and a trial, which has proved thus abortive, lasted some fifteen days, and must have cost a very large sum.

On Monday, Sir W. W. Wynne's hounds met at Halston, and proceeded to draw a neighbouring wood, where it was confidently expected there would be a find, but, alas! in this the gentlemen of the chase were doomed to disappointment, and turned away in other direction. No sooner, however, had they turned their backs upon their first unsuccessful draw, than three foxes were discovered in the very wood through which the hounds had just passed. In each case Mr. Reynard has taken possession of a low tree, and crouching upon the thick matted branches managed to hide the sight and the scent of his murderous pursuers.

Another sweetheart murder is reported. On Saturday an inquest was held at Droylsden, near Manchester, on the body of Mary Hammer, who was found by the jury to have been brutally murdered by an Irishman named Flaherty. Deceased was a single woman, about 36 years of age, employed in a cotton-mill. Flaherty wished to pay his addresses to her, but she declined to have anything to do with him on account of his drunken habits. A Christmas-day Flaherty called at her lodgings and said he was going to Ireland. It is probable that he renewed his suit and she refused, for he appears to have attacked her with the poker, and when she ran into the next room, he followed her to the ground, and killed her with repeated blows before any one could prevent him. He was committed for trial by the coroner.

A shocking homicide occurred at Bristol on Thursday evening. A blind man, named Giles Cliffe, aged 53, who had been separated some time from his wife, but who would seem still to retain some feelings of jealousy or hatred, had himself guided to a beer-house, where she lodged in the top story of the house. He made his way up to the room, where he found her and her nephew, a young man named Farrant. Immediately screams were heard, and persons going upstairs, Cliffe was found beating his wife with the top of a bedstead, and the furniture all smashed. Farrant, though a strong and athletic man, had been forced through a window only two feet square, and thrown into the street. Falling upon his head the vertebrae of the neck were dislocated, and the unfortunate man died almost instantly. The blind man was once apprehended, and is in custody on the charge of murder.

SIR ROBERT KANE has analysed the contents of one of the boxes thrown into the Post Office at Dublin. He found that it was merely phosphoric, treated in such a way as to become incandescent on the least friction. No clue has yet been obtained to the person who threw the phosphoric preparation into the General Post Office. The object of the person who committed the outrage could scarcely have been to burn the building, and it is more likely was done with the mischievous attempt at burning the letters in a receiver. Only a portion of a press and a few letters ignited. A soldier at the Bank of Ireland had a very narrow escape on Thursday night. A person when passing threw a box of this destructive substance at him, but the ruffian managed to escape. The police are making energetic efforts to discover the miscreants who commit these wanton acts, and put an end to such a dangerous system.

The more complete details of the fatal accident at the Bwllfa Colliery, near Aberdare, which have now come to hand, establish the fact that no explosion occurred, and that the deaths resulted simply from the supply of air being cut off. In a new mine before two shafts are sunk and a regular current of ventilation from the other established, it is usual, and, perhaps, unavoidable, that a supply of air at the end of the workings farthest from the pit should be supplied by dividing some of the space with wooden tubings. The air is thus conveyed by one tubing to the place where it is required, and the vitiated air conveyed away by other tubing. At the Bwllfa Colliery one of these tubes caught fire from the friction of a wire rope, and the purer air being cut off, the lives of ten men at work were imperilled. As soon as a scent could be made five were found dead, and the other five were brought up alive, but insensible, and one of them afterwards died.

On Friday morning a collision took place at Thornhill, near Newbury, at the junction of the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North-Western Railways, which resulted in the destruction of rolling stock, and severe injury to the driver of a goods train, named Joshua Secker. The accident occurred through misunderstanding between some of the companies' servants respecting the signals at the junction. The weather at the time was extremely foggy, and on that account a man was sent down to Thornhill Junction to assist in signalling. Between this person and the man at the points arose the misunderstanding, and it led to the Leeds express being allowed to go forward into the junction at the time when a goods train from Normanton was passing through on the same line of rails. The engine of the express train struck the goods train obliquely, and overturned and smashed some three or four of the waggons. One of these, unfortunately, knocked the driver of the goods train down and fell upon him. He received a severe scalp wound and a bad contusion of the legs. A cries brought a number of passengers to his assistance, and the broken wagon having been removed from above him, he was placed on an engine by some of the servants of the companies and taken to the infirmary. On Friday he was reported to be doing as well as could be expected. None of the passengers on the express were injured, but the guard was much shaken. The up line was cleared at 10.35 A.M., and the down line in less than half an hour afterwards, by gangs of men from Dewsbury Station.

At Llanyllin (Montgomeryshire) Petty Sessions, on Friday, an important case of salmon poaching was brought before the Bench Messrs. R. W. Venables, J. Hamer and Rev. W. Jones), at the instance of the Board of Conservators of the River Severn Fishery District. The process of salmon poaching by night, with the aid of torch and spear, has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in the "Waverley" novels, and this was a modern instance of the process as conducted in North Wales. The defendant was a farmer named William Evans, and a tenant of the Dean of St. Asaph, living at a farm with the unpronounceable name of Llan-baidar, on the banks of the River Tanat, which is an important salmon-breeding tributary of the Severn, where a large quantity of salmon are annually bred, or would be bred, but for the infamous practice of the local residents. Hitherto the farmers have had it pretty well their own way, and annually at this season the spawning fish have been killed in the spawning beds, to the great destruction of the river's produce. The Severn Board, however, determined to put a stop to these proceedings, and a strict watch has been kept on the river. On the night of the 13th ult. three watchers discovered Evans and two of his farm servants, named William Jones and Thomas Probert, turning the water at Llan-baidar, and hence their appearance before the justices. They could not deny the fact, and pleaded guilty. The magistrates were unanimous in their determination to carry out the law, and fined the farmer, Evans, in the full penalty of £5 and costs, and the other defendants in 10s. and costs.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859, [Adv.]

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

The Army Re-organisation Bill, notwithstanding the very strong opposition it has met with, is passing through the Corps Legislatif without modification, all the amendments having been rejected, though in one or two instances the majority for the Government was but small.

A COMMUNICATION from Naples states that the coral merchants of Torre del Greco, who, when the eruption of Mount Vesuvius commenced, had removed the greater portion of their merchandise, have now begun to bring it back, all danger being considered at an end.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Melbourne on the 23rd of November, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. All kinds of demonstrations were got up in his honour, and the dissolution of Parliament, which had been resolved on, was suspended.

The Russian Government has ordered that hereafter the incomes of the Catholic clergy in the western provinces shall be provided by the State, and no portion of them paid by private individuals. This is a great blow to the independence of the Romish ecclesiastics.

The responsible manager of a French paper recently started, called the *Rue*, lately appeared before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris for having treated of political subjects without authorisation. He was condemned to one month's imprisonment and 500*fr.* fine, and the paper was ordered to be suppressed.

An arrangement has been come to between the French and Italian Governments respecting the tunnel through Mount Cenis. The Italian Government guarantees to finish the tunnel and open it to the public by the year 1871, and the French Government will advance its share of the expenses in three annual payments.

The news by the mail from the West Indies is not of much importance. The unfortunate island of St. Thomas was visited by another earthquake on the 12th ult., of equal severity to that of the 18th November.—Telegraphic news had been received that a great conflagration was raging at Nelson, New Zealand.

The Emperor of Austria has issued two Imperial rescripts—one addressed to Baron Von Bunsen, and the other to Count Andrássy, thanking them for their respective services in the difficult task of bringing about a settlement between Austria and Hungary.

The Boston authorities in giving a licence for the readings of Mr. Dickens in that city reserved to the city officers the right of "looking in" during the performances. They availed themselves of this right to such an extent that Mr. Dickens and his agent, Mr. Dobby, whom the papers describe as "the man with the stained-faced dress-coat," called on the mayor for some alteration in the terms, which they did not obtain.

On the 1st the Emperor and Empress were taking a walk in the Champs Elysees, when an Italian, who caught sight of their Majesties, commenced shouting "Viva l'Italia!" A policeman arrested the enthusiastic individual, and was about to take him off to the commissary's, when the Emperor interfered, and ordered him to be set at liberty.

By the arrival of the China, from New York on the 17th ult., we have confirmation of the rejection by the House of Representatives of the resolution proposed by Mr. Butler to pay the public debt in currency, and of the passing of a resolution declaring that Congress will adhere to the Reconstruction Act, and ensuring the President for proposing its repeal. Great fears were entertained in Mississippi that the negroes were organising a conspiracy to seize the lands of the whites, and the Governor had issued a proclamation warning the blacks against such an attempt.

M. DOLFFUS ASSUET has determined to erect a chalet on the summit of Mount Blanc, and establish therein a meteorological observatory, which will, therefore, be placed at an altitude of 4,800 metres above the ordinary level of the earth. Two guides, paid and supported by M. Assuet, will spend the summer in this glacial habitation for the purpose of making meteorological observations. During a period of twelve months three guides were sent at the expense of this savant in a chalet on the Col de St. Theodule at an altitude of 3,200 metres—that is, at 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the shaven crowns of the monks of St. Bernard.

"A SHORT time ago," says a correspondent, "I was speaking of one of the highest and richest families of France, of the marriage of its heir, the younger Duc de Chevreuse, and a few days later the one other representative, the esteemed and beloved Duc de Luynes, died while tending the wounded at Rome. At Mentana the fine old duke was attached to the service of the ambulance, and on quitting the field of battle after a long and fatiguing day, he heard the voice of a Zouave who was lying, terribly wounded in a ditch. The Duke wrapped the soldier in his cloak, and carried him in his arms to the last hospital wagon of the train. But the cold and exertion taxed his strength too severely, and a few weeks afterwards the Duc de Luynes died."

An attempted murder has been made at St. Blaise de Buis, France. A workman named Verdoya, a Piedmontese, called on a widow named Gurin, and, after a few minutes' conversation, rushed on her and inflicted several wounds with a poisoned knife; then, thinking her dead, he commenced searching the house for money. Several times he returned to the woman; she, however, held her breath and allowed herself to be turned over as if she was dead. Verdoya, before leaving, dragged her to a well about ten feet deep, and threw her down; she, however, succeeded in keeping herself on the surface of the water, and when she thought he was got to a distance, clambered to the top by the chain, and nearly reached a neighbour's house when she fainted. Her groans were, however, heard, and assistance arrived. The man was afterwards arrested at his own house.

"I MENTIONED a few days ago," says a Paris correspondent, "that the belief in war in the spring had suddenly revived. I have already told you that I did not share it myself, but it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that throughout the country the public entertain a deep-rooted conviction that the only reason which can induce the Government to bring forward so unpopular a measure as the Army Re-organisation Bill is, that it wants to have the whole of the army available in a few months. Marshal Niel has told us that early in 1863 the Government would have at its disposal 400,000 mobilised national guards. This force will be more than sufficient for garrison duty and to 'preserve order,' and thus the whole of the regular army (550,000 men, reserves included) can be moved across the frontier. That is the view of the new bill—not in Paris only, but in every part of the provinces. I cannot consider the new bill as necessarily a symptom of war, as it mainly carries out the views of General Trochu for the re-organisation of the army on a defensive footing. But I am bound to admit that the opposite view is entertained even by military men whose opinion is entitled to respect."

ELECTION OF COMMON COUNCILMEN.—The annual elections of Common Councilmen of the Corporation of the City of London have just taken place. Although the recent Act of Parliament has greatly increased the number of electors, the attendance of citizens on the whole is reported as smaller than usual. In almost every ward resolutions were passed condemnatory of the recent development of the principles of Fenianism, and pledging the citizens to support the Government to the utmost in any vigorous measures of repression which might be adopted. Very few changes took place in the representatives of the different wards, but in about half-a-dozen wards there was opposition, and polls demanded.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Russell's Christmas entertainment is entitled "The Babes in the Wood; or, Harlequin Robin Hood and his Merry Men." The two stories are very dissimilar, and Mr. A. Beckett, the author, deserves some praise for the way in which he has amalgamated them. Mr. Augustus Harris is the stage manager; and the delicate wand of this theatrical magician can be very clearly distinguished in all the set scenes. The transformation scene, painted by Mr. Matt Morgan, is very gorgeous, and perfect in every way. The ballet is a good piece of resistance, and highly creditable to the management. The Babes are well played by Mr. Fred. Payne and Mr. J. Clarke, the former being especially funny. The scene which struck us as being the best in the piece is laid in the bedroom of the Baron, Mr. W. H. Payne, who, by the exercise of some capital pantomime, keeps the audience in a roar for more than ten minutes, and this without opening his mouth the whole time. Mr. Harris's two daughters, Maria and Nelly appear to advantage, and Miss Sheridan makes as good a Robin Hood as could be desired. The Harlequinade is cleverly contrived, and, taken as a whole, we think "The Babes in the Wood" will be a highly successful and popular pantomime, the scene which introduces an army of Robins being calculated to raise the enthusiasm of the children to extra holiday height.

DRURY LANE.—"Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum," is the title of the pantomime at Old Drury. When we say that Mr. Blanchard is the author, and Mr. Beverley the scenic artist, we give our readers a guarantee of its excellence. It is, in every respect, equal to its predecessors at this renowned house. The Giant's Causeway is a capital opening scene, and the size of the giants somewhat stupendous. Percy Roselle appears to great advantage. The Golden Garden of the Peerless Pool serves to enable Miss Poole to sing a capital song, and bring down a storm of applause in the character of Ondine. This scene is very striking. The little folks will be much pleased with the spirited encounter between their old friend Jack the Giant Killer and the monster Cormoran. The grand scene, in which Jack receives a wedding present, is a triumph of skill for Mr. Beverley; a group of golden-stemmed shamrocks, bowing, disclose a scene of unparalleled loveliness. After the transformation a double pantomimic company appear. An Ice Scene in Russia is very clever and entertaining. The Flambeau Dance by the corps de ballet, and the fall of silver snow awake a storm of enthusiasm on the part of a crowded audience. Paris in Miniature, revealing a portion of the Elysian Fields, is worthy of mention. The final scene, the Closing of the Fairy Casket, is a grand production, and Mr. Chatterton may be congratulated upon having produced in this year's pantomime a marvel of art and beauty. The music, provided by Mr. Tully, contains the popular airs of the period, well arranged.

ADELPHI.—"No Thoroughfare" had been written for the especial purpose of being dramatised, it could not have answered that purpose better than it has done. As every one has read the story it would be superfluous to repeat it. The cast is excellent, Mr. Webster himself taking the part of Joey Ladle, Mr. Fechter is Oberon, Miss Charlott taking Marguerite, and George Vendale is played by Mr. Neville. The greatest scene is, On the Valley and on the Mountain. Mr. Neville's fall over the precipice is exceedingly sensational. Mr. Fechter's Oberon is one of those capital studies which live in men's minds, and the educated player will visit the Adelphi as a devoted shrine.

NEW HOLBORN THEATRE.—"Valentine and Orson," the Christmas piece at this theatre, presents peculiar facilities for pantomimic treatment, which have all been taken advantage of by the indefatigable proprietor, Mr. Sefton Parry. We believe this pantomime was the work, years ago, of Albert Smith, but it is as fresh and sparkling now as at its inception. Mr. Odell as King Pippin is very comic, and Miss Saunders, as Valentine, deserves great praise. Mr. Garden's Orson redeems a heavy part, and Mr. Telbin's scenery makes the pantomime one of the best in London. The Fairy's Retreat, and the Banqueting Hall of King Pippin are unrivalled, and well deserve the applause which is accorded them.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This favourite place of entertainment holds its own at this festive season against its many rivals. The pantomime is entitled "Little Red Riding Hood," and is a great success. Mr. Sead appears as clown, and really excels in that to him rather novel role. The clown steals the harlequin's wand, and transfixes every one he meets with in the exact attitude in which they were when he touches them, and, lastly, he transfixes pantomime and himself. Harlequin, however, subsequently releases them, amidst general merriment. This scene should be witnessed by all lovers of genuine comic business. The Beni Zoug Zoug Arabs are still at the Palace, which presents immense attractions to its crowds of patrons.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—We must speak in terms of very high praise of the Messrs. Sangers' arrangements at the Agricultural Hall. If any place of amusement in London gives scope for spirited management it is the huge hall at Islington. The managers have acquired many of the decorations used at the Belgian Ball. The chandeliers are tastefully arranged, allegorical devices, shields, groups of statuary, variegated lamps, all combine to preserve the appearance of fairy land which the Agricultural Hall has lately been famous for. The special entertainment now before the public is a grand spectacular display, called "St. George and the Dragon." The incidents connected with England's saint have evidently been judiciously culled from the "Seven Champions of Christendom." The conclusion is specially remarkable for a magnificent procession, which every one should see. A perfect army of supernumeraries appears upon the ground, together with carriages, horses, an immense car, rivaling the Lord Mayor's coach in its decorations, dromedaries, and various other attractions too numerous to mention. Messrs. Sanger must have gone to an enormous expense to provide so gorgeous a spectacle, and we have no doubt that the public will appreciate their efforts, and attend in shoals at the Agricultural Hall.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.—Now that the children are all in town, or coming to town, to see the pantomimes, paternal families should not forget to take the juveniles to see the American Champions at the Amphitheatre. The old glory of Astley's is revived and brought before us in this elegant little theatre. The whole of the equestrian and acrobatic performances are calculated to raise the enthusiasm of old and young to the highest pitch. We may mention that there are morning performances for the benefit of children.

KING THEODORE'S CRAFTINESS.—Like all clever savages, Theodore is exceedingly crafty. His letters, mostly written in the Amharic dialect, are perfect models of diplomatic composition. There is scarcely a phrase which is not susceptible of two or more interpretations. Truly, as M. Lejean has remarked, "it may be said of Theodore, as it has been said of an illustrious European statesman, 'if you wish to understand his real sentiments from his letters, you must read between the lines.'" Theodore, like the rest of his countrymen, detests the Turks, and I am told by a gentleman long resident at Khartoum of a report current here during the Crimean war, when the King—then a petty chief—prevailed upon Ras Ali to despatch two messengers to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, offering him a troop of Abyssinian soldiers to join his forces in waging war against the Turks.—Hotten's "Abyssinia Described."



## THE CONSERVATOIRE.

LAST week the Conservatoire inaugurated its musical fete. Alas! I was not one of the happy ones, and can only tell you of the interesting biography of these beautiful concerts. Their existence dates from 1826, when Beethoven was designated, in a celebrated work on music of the time, as a composer esteemed in Germany for some symphonies, and when Habeneck was the only man in this country who had divined the great musician. He had one of the master's symphonies played at his house by a part of the orchestra of the Grand Opera, and it was pronounced by some "not bad." Habeneck was not discouraged, however. A year later, he invited the amateurs and musicians in Paris to hear Beethoven's symphony in C minor at the Conservatoire de Musique. The audience hesitated at first, and then an indescribable emotion burst out; everyone crowded round Habeneck and begged him to let them hear the *chef d'œuvre* once more—the concerts of the Conservatoire were founded, and from that time they have risen to the highest rank, and attained a perfection equalled nowhere in the world. But brave Habeneck had still to suffer many disappointments; the first time he played one of the works of the unknown young German composer, Mendelssohn, it was "hissed"; Habeneck, furious, struck his desk with his fist and cried out, "Say and do what you will, it's superb!" Then he told the musicians to begin the piece again, and that time it had a complete success. This is not the only time that the strong conviction of an *artiste* has cured an audience of its blindness. To give some idea of the admirable manner in which this orchestra executes the beautiful things it admires, it is necessary to say that only the first prizemen of the Conservatoire can compete for the vacancies, and that the solo players from the Opera and justly celebrated musicians modestly take their places among the second violins. After the expenses have been paid, the receipts are equally divided between the citizens of this musical republic; talents *hors ligne* receive no more than the others, and at the end of the season each musician has received scarcely 600*fr.* for the fourteen concerts and fifty-two rehearsals; and yet the leaders in Paderloup's band, who earn 3,000*fr.* a year, seize every opportunity of procuring themselves the honour of being admitted into the orchestra of the Conservatoire. Influence is as fraternally divided among the musicians as are the modest profits. At the rehearsals any one of them has the right to propose a new work, and to give his advice when a misprint in the score divides the opinions; and in every case the minority inclines to the majority. Naturally this group of *élites* counts some enemies among the refused composers, whose dream is to have their works played by them. All have not the good taste of the *spirituel* director of the Conservatoire, Auber, who always refuses to have a single fragment of his compositions, played there; his invariable answer to all solicitations being, "Never, during my lifetime, shall my scores confront a public so spoiled by *chef d'œuvre*." Twenty-three years ago, Spohr arrived in Paris to hear one of the concerts, and, being unable to find a place on the first Sunday, begged the society to allow him a corner at the next concert. The society answered him by ordering him a special performance. When Spohr presented himself at the appointed time he found his own symphony, "The Birth of Music," on all the desks. The musicians led him to the conductor's seat, and then begged him to lead them himself. His piece they played at first sight. Spohr's admiration of their execution was unbounded. After the performance of his symphony he took a seat in the *parterre*, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was played to the earnest listener. His emotion and delight were indescribable. Every moment he sprang from his seat, and cried, "It's splendid; its perfection!"

The maestro was not ungrateful. On his return to his own country he so propagated the glory of the orchestra of the Conservatoire that a German's first care on arriving in Paris is to have his name inscribed for a place in the gallery of the little *salle* which is so perfect for sound that it is religiously kept untouched and unenlarged. Everyone begins in the gallery, and then as the subscribers get old and leave their places empty, those in the gallery descend to the second boxes, and so on. One day an enthusiast suggested that if the gallery doors were left open three stools might be placed in the passage. "Three! Six numbered stools!" cried the unfortunates who were standing. "Ten!" cried the secretary, and so ten extra places were established. It takes about ten years to obtain a stall; the subscriptions are for life, on condition that the annual tickets are withdrawn on the appointed day. The new vacancies are strictly kept for those who have inscribed their names. Monsieur de Rothschild waited ten or twelve years for the box he now occupies, and, more characteristic still, on the eve of the Crimean War the Russian ambassador, being absent from Paris, neglected to withdraw his Conservatoire ticket on the stated day, and his box was immediately disposed of. The ambassador, however, did not intend to lose his concert; he brought an action against the Conservatoire, and while the cannon roared under the walls of Sebastopol, the French court decided, after a long deliberation, that the subscription should remain to the Rus-

sian ambassador, who was prevented by *force majeure* to withdraw his ticket. So Sebastopol was taken, but Russia kept her place at the Conservatoire.—*Paris Letter.*

## THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARDWELL, M.P. for the City of Oxford, is the eldest son of the late John Cardwell, Esq., of Liverpool, merchant. He was born in 1813, and educated at Winchester and Oxford. He graduated B.A. in 1835, and in 1863 was made an hon. D.C.L. He married in 1838, and the same year was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, and went the Northern Circuit. He became Joint Secretary of the Treasury in 1845; and in 1852 was President of the Board of Trade. His next office was Chief Secretary of Ireland, with a seat in the Cabinet, from June, 1859, to July, 1862. Since then he has filled several other important offices. He is a Liberal Conservative, and first sat for Clitheroe, in 1842. He next sat for Liverpool, and subsequently for the City of Oxford.

## "THE NATIVITY," BY RUBENS.

The distinguished painter of the celebrated picture of "The Nativity," given on page 21, was born at Cologne, in 1577, and died at Antwerp in 1640. The work has been so often commented upon as a masterpiece that we need not criticise it here.

## CHRISTMAS IN ALSACE, GERMANY.

The incident depicted in the large picture on page 25, is that of the good and evil genius visiting the children of the peasantry at Christmas; the one bringing the good children toys and sweetmeats; the other, "the hairy man," visiting the bad children, with threats to carry them away if they are not better. It is a very old custom, and is generally exercised beneficially.

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

## THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

THE "glorious uncertainty of the law" was never better illustrated than in the case of "Bennett v. the North British Railway," heard on Thursday at the Edinburgh Court of Session. The pursuer, Mr. Bennett, was a surgeon in good practice at Cheltenham, and, unfortunately for himself, a passenger by the express train from Edinburgh to London, which came into collision with a mineral waggon on the 29th April, 1866. Mr. Bennett alleged that he was flung violently against the side of the carriage in which he was travelling; that his head was forced through the plate-glass window, suffering severe cuts and bruises, and that his neck and spine and shoulder, both wrists and legs, were all injured by the violence of the concussion. At the time, the pursuer stated, he was deriving from his professional practice some £3,000 yearly, but was compelled for a period to relinquish his business and take up his abode at Lowestoft for the re-establishment of his health. Now, it would be admitted by any reasonable person that the amount of violence necessary to force a man's head through a plate-glass window was exceedingly likely to do serious damage to other portions of his body, and that a verdict of £88 is not much of a salve to a professional man for such injuries. But, on the other hand, the company pleaded that the injuries were much exaggerated; that the pursuer was not incapacitated for business; that at Lowestoft he indulged in shooting, and fishing, and other amusements, very speedily discarded his crutches, and otherwise gave proof of complete convalescence. It turned out that the company had employed a private detective to watch the pursuer, and report all his proceedings, and that while the unsuspecting Mr. Bennett was enjoying himself as best he could at Lowestoft, dropping his crutches, and making the most of his recovered vigour, there was "a chiel taking notes" at his side, who subsequently contrived very materially to influence the jury in the company's favour, and no doubt considerably diminished the damages Mr. Bennett expected. Of course, railway companies have a perfect right in their own defence to employ this kind of espionage; but we strongly suspect that in the long run they will be just as likely to be deceived; for the mere imposter will most assuredly play his game whenever he is aware of the presence of the spy, and it is not easy to prevent the recognition of the latter. However, in this case the detective made allegations which Mr. Bennett could not contradict, and in consequence the company got off with the very moderate amount of £88 damages—little enough for the severe shaking, apart from the subsequent loss of practice. But, as if to demonstrate as clearly as possible the uncertainty of the law, a passenger in the same train—a Mr. Romans—brought his action on the same day, and recovered £1,250 for injuries inflicted in the same accident. It certainly seems hard that something more like an average could not have been struck between the two claimants.

THE PRODUCTIVENESS OF ABYSSINIA.—No quarter of the globe abounds to a greater extent in vegetable and mineral productions; and in the populous, fertile, and salubrious portions lying immediately north of the equator, the very highest capabilities are presented for the employment of capital, and the development of British industry. Coal has already been found, although at too great a distance inland to render it of any service without water communication; but the fossil doubtless exists in positions the most favourable for the supply of the steamers employed in the navigation of the Red Sea. Cotton of a quality unrivalled in the whole world is everywhere a weed, and might be cultivated to any requisite extent. The coffee sold in Arabia as the produce of Mocha is chiefly of wild Abyssinian growth; and the tea-plant flourishes here widely and with little care.—*Hotten's "Abyssinia Described."*

CABBY AND THE M.P.'s.—Cabby complains, it seems, that members of Parliament are his worst customers. Many of them walk from the House up to Charing-cross in order to get home for a sixpenny fare; and three together frequently take a four-wheeler, and drive to Pall Mall for a shilling—sixpence for the fare, and the other sixpence for the extra passenger. These at least are alleged as common practices before the new regulations came into force. Who are the members of Parliament who could have resorted to these abject calculations? For the credit of the Legislature and the clubs of Pall Mall, Cabby should give names.—*Echoes from the Clubs.*

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]



THE RIGHT HON. E. CARDWELL, M.P. FOR OXFORD.





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THE NATIVITY.—AFTER A PICTURE BY RUBENS.



## THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babe in the Wood. Seven.

DRURY LANE.—Honeydove's Troubles—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum. Seven.

HAYMARKET.—Our American Cousins—The New Burlesque—A Kiss in the Dark. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—(At Eight) No Thoroughfare. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Cabinman No. 93—Cook Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—From Grave to Gay—Petticoat Parliament. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—(At a Quarter to Eight) A Widow Hunt—Fifteen Years of Labour Lost. Seven.

STRAND.—Kind to a Fault—The Caliph of Bagdad—Nothing to Nurse. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Katherine and Petruchio—Doing for the Best—The Birthplace of Po'gers.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.

HOLBORN.—The Two Polts—Valentine and Orson. Seven.

NEW ROYALTY.—Humbly—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Highly Improvable. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—(At Eight) How She Loves Him—Box and Cox.

SURREY.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks—Jane Eyre.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Little Red Riding Hood.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena, by the Great American Champions of the World. Half-past Seven.

VICTORIA.—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne—The Wandering Boys. Seven.

STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.

MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep. Seven.

NEW EAST LONDON.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men.

BRITANNIA.—Don Quixote—Who Did It? Quarter to Seven.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Pall Mall.—Winter Exhibition of Sketches and Drawings.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—Fiftieth Annual Winter Exhibition. Half-past Nine till Four.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. Gorman Reed's Entertainment. Eight.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabees' Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Painting. Eleven till Ten.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Tw and Eight.

ADAME TUSSEAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's Park; College of Surgeons Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

## THE OLD YEAR.

THERE are some people who look upon proverbial philosophy as the highest wisdom, and when a proverb is expressed in a foreign language it becomes as cogent with them as the written law of the land. A most fallacious popular saying is contained in the Latin sentence, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Who says so? Why should we speak no ill of the dead? Is it laid down in Scripture or dictated by reason? Certainly not. It is if anything an outpouring of religious sentimentalism. Inspired authors have spoken anything but well of the dead, and though we claim no higher inspiration than that afforded by our subject, we do mean to say a good word for the year which has just expired. The tale of the dying year is for ever, under some aspects, the same. We ring out the old, and ring in the new, to the constantly repeated tune, which is, after all, a discord of regret and thankfulness, of pleasant and tragic reminiscences, of public and social sorrow, of public and social gratification. The epoch of twelve months, so minute in the history of the world, so vast, often, in that of an individual, is full of much to rejoice over, and of much else to deplore. Among the great mercies of Heaven it is given to us that no season shall be without its mitigating circumstances. We have popular distress closing sharp, and hard, and bitter around our Christmas holiday; we have had social convulsions commensurate with, and almost equivalent to, the convulsions of nature, in the two Indies; we

have witnessed dreadful afflictions of mankind in our own country and in others; a natural demand has been made upon us to open the sluices of charity, and give of that fruit which never turns to ashes. We have upon our heads abroad the weight of the Abyssinian war; we have, at home, the obnoxiousness and the danger of the Fenian conspiracy; in some respects we should be ungrudgingly grateful for the blessings we enjoy. England has had to give largely; she can afford it. She has had to engage in an African expedition; she has the negative advantage of having been kept free, however, from the burden and embarrassment of Continental complications. She is loaded with domestic poverty; is she enriched by an expanding trade? Nevertheless, if optimism, at this date, would be absurd, a gloomy view would be unreasonable. The year 1867, although so like in many of its characteristics other years which have preceded it, and been remembered, since time or memory began, has had its points of strangeness and variety. It saw the commencement of a British campaign in a barbarous country where a British soldier never before fired a shot. It saw two sessions of Parliament at Westminster. It saw an East Indian famine, with an East Indian, West Indian, and Chinese hurricane. It heard of earthquakes, natural devastations, conflagrations, and epidemics unprecedented. It was threatened with war and ravage, and the disruption of the European and Asiatic worlds. We may reckon up, if we please, a long account of calamity and crime, of political dissensions abroad and at home; of questions unsettled and perplexities likely to arise; and, if history be written, the mind must wander through an immense complication of things to be feared and things to be regretted. We cannot help thinking that this year particularly, there is something very genuine about the way in which one's friends grasp one's hand and exclaim, "A Happy New Year to you!" They feel that the past year as been an essentially unhappy one to the community at large. The public calamities, foreign complications, stagnation of trade, utter want of confidence, the glut in the labour market, the political leap in the dark, and other things serve to make people restless, timid, and expectant. Yet 1867 has been marked by other than disastrous details. We must not forget, among its memories, the noble Exhibition at Paris, the Congress of Sovereigns in that most Imperial city, the visits paid to ourselves by the Sultan of Turkey and the Viceroy of Egypt, or all the pleasantness of that time, and the associations it established. We must hope for a season of renewed prosperity, and endeavour to bring it about by mutual efforts and co-operation of the widest kind. Let each man do his duty to his neighbour, especially the rich to the poor, and much of the misery of Lazarus will be alleviated by the timely help afforded by Dives. Suffering humanity always has a claim upon the fortunate ones of this world. Neither moth nor rust corrupt in Heaven, which should be every man's treasure house. Let the poor-boxes of the police-courts overflow. Let noble-minded men and women seek out the poor in their homes and minister to them. Let those who are surrounded with creature comforts think of the pangs of hunger, and the agonising cold which reigns around an empty hearth, and generously open their purse strings for the relief of those less fortunate than themselves. We have not space for an epitome of all that has taken place during 1867, and, in fact, who could pretend to tell, with fulness or accuracy, what has beendone of interest and significance, within our sphere, since we trod upon the skirts of last January, in less than the mightiest tome ever printed? The storms that have raged, the calamities that have burst upon mankind, the alternations of hope and fear in European politics, the dramatic assemblage of Sovereigns at Paris, the vastness and variety of incidents in our domestic life at home, the commercial collapses and personal crimes, the strange episode of our Abyssinian enterprise, the wide and wasting poverty, contemporaneous with so much wealth and a vast trade, the alternate flush and darkening of our credit, the rumours sounded in our ears of foreign quarrels and coalitions—all these cover the page for 1867 with hieroglyphics most difficult, perhaps impossible, to decipher. We have felt the general embarrassment, we have not been drawn into the whirlpool, western or eastern, or in the centre of Europe; yet its eddies and floods have reached our shores, and we are suffering our share of the disturbance—feeling it commercially, industrially, and socially. Still, upon the whole, our anticipations ought not to be gloomy. We have not had a starvation harvest, the winter does not threaten to be excessively severe, the cattle plague has nearly died out in the United Kingdom as on the Continent, the great strikes are over, Fenianism simply menaces us with fitful passions of treason, the population is beyond all suspicion loyal, the recovery of credit and the growth of commerce alike promise well, and we shall not, perhaps, be thought extravagant if we hope for, rather than predict, a prosperous new year.

**RUSSIAN EXCLUSIVENESS.**—The Russian Government has announced that no notice will be taken of any letters addressed to it by foreigners unless they are in the Russian language, and the Saxon Ambassador has accordingly ordered all letters in German sent to him for transmission to the Russian authorities to be translated into Russian at the cost of the senders. This measure can be attributed only to the influence of the Russian national party, now predominant at the Court of St. Petersburg, for most of the officials in the higher departments of State are acquainted with the French and German languages. Another achievement of this party has been the prohibition of all publications relative to Poland. The publishers of the Warsaw "Calendar for 1868" have just been informed by the authorities that they will not be permitted to include in that work any stories founded on Polish history, or articles descriptive of Polish customs, literature, or geography.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## FENIANISM.

EVERY day shows that the vitality of Fenianism has been underrated. The last act upon which it has ventured—the attack upon a Martello tower in Ireland—shows how desperate must be the character of the agents at its command. With our present information the act can only be explained as a part of that system of irritation which the directors of the movement desire to keep up by striking a blow, now here, now there, and always where it is least expected. It may also be that a semi-military aspect was advisably given to this last outrage, in order to impart a quasi-belligerent character to the operations of Fenianism, for the sake of imposing upon distant observers, especially those in the United States, and in order to redeem the movement from the reproach of proceeding by secret manoeuvres, and avoiding armed conflicts. But as Fenianism reveals its designs, it at the same time wastes its resources: it gains no new position from which it can assail us more effectually, while by putting us more completely on our guard, it narrows the field within which its operations are possible. Every such warning as this tends to make the precautions of the Government more complete, and to such a contest there can be but one ending.—*Daily News*.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

We must defend Sir Robert Napier against the criticism of "those impatient spirits who were growing nervous because the military and political chief of the expedition lingered so long in the capital of Western India, and who have already begun to inflict, by anticipation, 'Crimean horrors' on the force." Yet, in what other place could Sir Robert have so effectively done his duty? Bombay is the real, though distant, base of operations; and there all the work of preparation had to be done. The presence of the Commander-in-Chief in Annesley would not have added an ounce to the stores, a single man to the corps of labourers, or a fraction of order to the apparent confusion on the beach; but at Bombay, whence nearly everything is derived, he could personally see that all the necessities were supplied, mistakes rectified, and shortcomings made good. One great error which underlies current criticism is the strange hypothesis that Sir Robert Napier intends to keep his armed and unarmed host in one mass. But probably he will assemble a sufficient force on the highlands, establish there abundant depots, leave a guard at the head of the pass, and, accompanied by a reasonable amount of transport, will lead out a column towards Antalo and Magdala. The bulk of the camp followers and transport cattle will be employed in journeying too and fro between Annesley Bay and Senafe. In no case can war be made without loss and waste, any more than omelettes can be concocted without breaking eggs; and it is puerile to wall over the carcass of every mule that dies with thirst on the sands of the Red Sea, or sinks with fatigue in the rugged passes of Hadasa and Koomaylo. It is, no doubt, the business of critics to criticise, but modesty in the exercise of the craft is never unbecoming, especially when the critic is thousands of miles from the scene of action.—*Telegraph*.

## THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

The advice given by Mr. Baines, in his letter on the affairs of the Midland Railway Company, is probably the best that could be given; that the view taken of the future is, perhaps, not too sanguine; and that the active culpability of the directors on the score of the present difficulty must be measured by more exact estimates of the several undertakings than are yet before us. But it is quite evident that Mr. Baines, in common with the whole railway world, thinks that some expenses ought properly and fairly to be met, not by payment out of pocket, but by running into debt, and we should like to know how he would define or limit the outgoings to be thus conveniently defrayed? There is only one fund out of which any railway expenses can possibly be paid, and that is the revenue of the line. Whatever is not carried to revenue is simply carried to the revenue of after years. To insure the prosperity of a line, revenue ought to be kept up and capital to be kept down, whereas no railway board or railway proprietors ever seems to have given a thought to anything but revenue.—*Times*.

## THE INCREASE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Necessity compels the Emperor Napoleon to maintain a large and powerful army. The poor man cannot help himself with a sturmiest Bismarck scowling at him from the other side of a frontier which a lame man could hop over. Prussia, which has been for the last hundred years one of the most powerful military States in the world, has lately waxed so great as to inspire well-founded alarm among her neighbours, and she is governed by a Prince and a Premier who have shown that they can make war at pleasure, and wholly irrespective of the state of public opinion in Europe. Even when Prussia was a far lesser Power than she now is she defied successfully the allied forces of France, Russia, Austria, and Sweden all together. She has proved in twenty great pitched battles, at least, the extraordinary discipline and stubborn courage of those immense armies which she collects from every class of her population, and holds in constant readiness to hurl against an enemy. Such are the plain undisputed facts of the case; and, unless Napoleon III. wishes to see the Landwehr occupy Paris as they did in the time of Napoleon I., or ride about singing war songs through French fields and vineyards, as they have done several times before, he must keep them at bay by the only means yet discovered of arguing with aggressive Kings, and maintain armaments powerful enough to meet a foe a great deal too likely to become obstreperous at any moment.—*Post*.

## THE POPE'S ALLOCATION.

We wish we could attribute the rhapsodies of the Pope in his recent allocation to the promptings of an earnest conviction; but even the Pope can hardly deceive himself on that score. Surely he must have read what arguments led M. Thiers to constitute himself a champion of the Papacy. Surely he cannot have forgotten how much more of the Papal edifice was demolished by the Emperor Napoleon in 1859 than is propped up by him in 1867. If it is by God's will that the French now garrison Rome, by whose will was it that they drove the Austrian garrisons from Bologna and Ravenna after the victory of Solferino? The God who now gives is the One who then took away. He who is now the guardian angel of the Vatican was till yesterday the ally and accomplice of Satan, his sons, and satellites. Has the Pope no curses except for the "vexed and tormented population of most unhappy Italy"? The Italians see their dead volunteers strewn the hillside at Mentana. They hear M. Rouher's inexorable "Never!" they are concerned at the threat of the combined hostilities of the Catholic world. Their motto, however, is still that of Galileo—"It moves, though!" The world advances, and the absurdity and wickedness of priestly rule appear daily more manifest.—*Times*.

## ENGLISHMEN AND IRISHMEN.

We appeal to the manliness of Englishmen to avoid insulting allusions in their conversation with Irishmen whom they may meet, or with whom they may work in the same shop. In a time of public panic people are too apt to be thoughtless, but if it becomes us to give way to any wide public fear. The preparations of our police, the organisation of our special constables, the readiness of the authorities, the success with which our detectives have hitherto foreknown, though not frustrated, all Fenian crimes, should give us courage and hope, even were our enemy fourfold as numerous, and were his organisation much better than it is. Englishmen should also study earnestly those Irish questions which must be thoroughly ventilated next session. Let them be able to speak with full knowledge and a clear conscience on a matter that nearly affects our honour. The evils that now afflict Ireland



would not endure for a year, if the facts were familiar to the English mind. The present Government, if it can do nothing else, can surely give us a new and authoritative inquiry on the land question. Meanwhile, our police must be active, without regard to cost. The public must be organized in the best way, and opinion must be calm, considerate, and fair. In some places Irishmen, because they are Irishmen, have been dismissed from factories. We protest most earnestly against these unjust and dangerous measures, dangerous, because they stir up bad passions in hitherto inoffensive men, give fuel to fanaticism, and rouse horrible antagonism of race.—*Telegraph*.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

It is very satisfactory to the Protestant population of England that both at Leeds and Liverpool, the Roman Catholic bishops should have used their influence to preserve order and tranquillity. It is not quite so satisfactory, however, to observe that this influence was exercised in a somewhat Royal, and even Imperial manner. "We command you by the authority we hold from God," says Dr. Goss, and adds—"You have been always wont to listen to our words, and to obey our commands." In like manner, Dr. Robert tells his "dear children in Jesus Christ," "As you shall obey our commands we bless you." How many Kings be there in Brentford? This style savours strongly of an *imperium in imperio* not quite to the taste of Englishmen, and which might prove extremely inconvenient in the event of a collision between the Government and the spiritual satraps of a foreign temporal potentate. These Roman bishops take too much upon themselves.—*Leader*.

#### WANDERINGS IN WESTMINSTER.

FOUR o'clock is striking from old St. Martin's Church as I turn round by Garrick-street into the Old Lane, so full of the "buried past." It is a balmy summer's morning, and carts and wagons are making the best of their way to the market.

I pause in the Old Lane, and conjure up a host of phantoms of bygone days.

Here stood Old Slaughter's Coffee House, the rendezvous of Pope and glorious John Dryden; Gravelot, the engraver; Gwynn, the architect; Hogarth, who lived at the Golden Head, Leicester-square; this head he cut out himself from pieces of cork glued and bound together, and it was placed over the street-door. The northern half of the Sabloniere Hotel was the house stood; Rouilliac, whose splendid statue of Shakespeare, presented by Garrick, and which now ornaments the Hall of the British Museum, lived opposite Slaughter's. Hudson, the artist, who styled himself Sir Joshua's master; McDardell, the engraver of the wonderful print of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, was an "old Slaughterman"; Luke Sullivan, the coter of the March to Finchley; Theodore Gardell, the murderer of Mrs. King, lived on the south side of Leicester-fields; Old Moser, who kept the drawing academy in St. Peter's-court, Richard Wilson, and Parry, the Welsh harper, and Old Doctor Monsey, were constant frequenters at Slaughter's Coffee House.

The first house from the corner of Newport-street on the right hand leading to Charing-cross—afterwards Reid and Co.'s hotel—was for many years inhabited by John Beard, the famous singer, who married the daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave. The parlour of the house had two windows facing the south, in that room. Rouilliac smoked his pipe with Rich. Quin, Woodward and Lambert, the founder of the "Beef Steak Club." The latter was an excellent scene painter, but his scenes were destroyed in the fire of Covent Garden Theatre, September 20th, 1808. At the back of the house, No. 104, lived for many years Sir James Thornhill; Van Host, jun., the sculptor, afterwards lived in it. He it was who took the famous mask of Garrick from his face, which, ultimately, became the property of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, after Van Host's time, Frank Hayman, also Sir Joshua Reynolds. The house, No. 112, was the residence of the celebrated print-sellers, the Messrs. Woodburn. Next door lived Thomas Major, who was a celebrated engraver of subjects from Teniers. Then coming to No. 114, there stood the site of Salisbury House, a mansion occupied by several Earls of that name, and it has been said that, in the time of Gude King James the Second, the Seven Bishops were lodged there before they were conveyed to the Tower.

Opposite to the centre of the portico of the church stood the old watch house; upon the post or upright body of these stocks were two figures of a man flogging another with the cat-o'-nine-tails. When the Old Round House was pulled down, the rude carving was placed in the vault of the church, to which place I have in my wandering arrived.

At St. Martin's Church, and only for the moment, I pause to think, that in its vaults lie the remains of Nell Gwynne, who left the ringers a sum of money for their weekly entertainment; also Mrs. Cennivra, the dramatic writer, lies there. In the churchyard the great sculptor Rouilliac, and whose remains were followed by Hogarth and Sir Joshua. Jack Sheppard, the notorious burglar, and many others of great notoriety are buried there. I pass rapidly down by Northumberland House and glance at the house on the east side of it, rendered curious by being the first house numbered in London.

In passing down from Trafalgar-square to Whitehall there is little to be noticed in any way until you reach the Admiralty—that bleak-looking depository of naval genius, and the Iron-Wooden Walls of Old England, claims but a passing notice. There is a portrait of Nelson, painted at Palermo, with the Sultan's diamond plume upon his brow, and there is a portrait of Old Peppy, who remembered something of Nell Gwynne and the Cavaliers, in the days when Charles the Second was king.

But we come to the palace in which the princely Cardinal seems to have indulged all his love of display and power.

There, as Minister of England, Legate, and Cardinal, he held Council with Henry VIII., the lusty king, who when tired of Katharine of Aragon, married Anne Boleyn.

We raise before our imagination the pomp and pride of this Cardinal—his portly figure set off with silks and satins of the finest texture, and the richest scarlet or crimson dyes. On his neck he wore a tippet of costly sables. His gloves were of red silk, his Cardinal's hat of scarlet, and his shoes inlaid with pearls and diamonds.

The New Whitehall commenced as early as 1606. Here came King James the good Monarch of Ballegneib, and Inigo Jones, who with Rare Ben Jonson invented certain masques with scenery, dresses, and decorations. Then came Charles I. and the famous Marshal Bassompierre, and the glorious collection of paintings—four hundred and sixty pictures. Titian had twenty-eight, Correggio, eleven—sixteen by Julia Romano, the "divine Raffaele" nine—four by Guido, and seven by Parmegiano, and last, though not least, Rubens painted the ceiling, for which he was paid the sum of £3,000—and there died Charles I. In that room sat Oliver Cromwell, and there resided and died, and in the same place the Merry Monarch yielded up his frail go-a-head existence on the 6th of February, 1655, with the touching words, "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

In Whitehall lived the infamous Titus Oates and Colonel Blood, who stole the Crown jewels from the Tower, and among the many frequenters of the Court might be found Wycherley, Denham, Dryden, Waller, Butler, and Suckling. The last of the Stuarts lived there, and it was there the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was taken in the State barge from Vauxhall and placed before his implacable uncle, his arms pinioned with cords of silk. Vanburgh died at Whitehall.

Hastily glancing at the Horse Guards, which was once the old tilt yard, wherein was—

The busy hum of men.  
Where throngs of knights, and barons bold  
With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize;  
All past—gone down the maelstrom of time.

It was near Whitehall that George III. twice narrowly escaped death by assassination, and General Fairfax, who lodged in King-street, twice quartered his troops in that neighbourhood.

Standing at the gate of the Horse Guards, with nothing to disturb us but the heavy tramp of the sentry, we just glance at the park, which was originally a small field attached to the Hospital of St. James's for Lepers. In 1664 the Lords Castlemaine and Arran ran down a buck, and killed it in the presence of the king.

In a house the south-east corner of Richmond's Pond, George Colman, jun., was born. He gives an account of the snow white tents of the Guards, who were encamped there in the Lord George Gordon riots. What a world of fashion and beauty once thronged the Mall! Come to the seat of diplomacy, Downing-street. Here lived Boswell, and in Fludyer-street resided Macpherson, the translator of the poems of Ossian. In King-street lived Ignatius Sancho, a negro, born on board a slave ship, and who gave his last shilling to see Garrick act Richard III. Garrick and Sterne used to visit him there. Spenser and Carew both resided there, and in the same street Anne Oldfield was apprenticed to a seamstress, and was afterwards buried in the Abbey in state and Brussels lace.

In Boar's-head-court Oliver Cromwell lived when member of Parliament, and in Duke-street lived Mat Prior. Samuel Arnold, the composer died there, and at the end of Princes-court lived John Wilkes.

Passing along rapidly—for the busy hum and din of the day is fast approaching—I enter the Sanctuary, which only yields me one memento.

At the Coach and Horses Inn, Flood-street, to the south of the sanctuary, Lady Hamilton began life as a barmaid, but was soon discharged.

Gazing upon the old church of St. Margaret's, we think of the noble dust lying there—William Caxton; the brave but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh; the gallant Sir Peter Parker, who fell in the arms of victory; Old Churchyard, the Court poet. Thomas Betterton, the actor, was baptized there, and there John Milton married Katharine Woodcock, and there, in peace, sleeps Blood, the Crown stealer. Before us stands the school—let me think of some of the great names, past and present, who, from little boys became great men—Rare Ben Jonson, Nat Lee the poet, Christopher Wren, whose grave and monument are on Ludgate-Hill; Judge Jefferys, of infamous memory; Barton Booth, the actor, who lies in the Abbey; Cowper, of the "Task," and Johnny Gilpin; Gibbon, the historian; Cumberland, the dramatist; George Colman, Southey, Sir F. Burdett, Lord John Russell, the brave Marquis of Anglesea, John Cam Hobhouse, the friend and companion of Byron; and little Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of India, and who saved it for the British Crown. How many a man, worn out with the great battle of life, returns to gaze upon the old walls, wherein, as a boy, he placed his foot upon the first step of the ladder of fame!

Come we now to Palace-yard. There stands the grand old hall, erected by William Rufus, and which seems to defy even Old Time itself. What varied scenes has that old roof looked down upon—the coronation banquets, trials for high treason, and there Titus Oates was stripped of his ecclesiastical habit, and led round the place, with a placard set upon him. William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams," died in the New Palace-yard, April 7th, 1836.

The sun is glancing brightly on the dark old Abbey, the Wall-halls of the great. The busy world is now afoot, and wanderings in Westminster must cease. I turn sadly and slowly from the honoured dust of Kings and Queens, warriors and statesmen, poets, painters, actors, authors, musicians—the immortal Handel. I have been wandering in thought round old Westminster, but the wild scream of the rail-whistle reminds me that a new city is fast rising. The old bridge that carried us so safely over has been swept away, and, as ding upon the new one, I gaze upon the embankment fast rising out of the bosom of Old Father Thames, and think upon the time when old London and old Westminster will have faded away, and—

Like the baseless fabric of a vision  
Leave not a wrack behind. W. T. T.

#### A FENIAN PRIVATEER.

THE *Cork Examiner* gives an account of a Fenian privateer having been seen off that harbour. It says:—

"Some circumstances of a singular nature, which are reported to have occurred off Queenstown on Monday evening, seem to give a sort of confirmation to the rumour of a vessel of suspicious appearance, without papers or colours, having shown off the Irish coast. As previously reported, three men of war had been sent out westward to look for such a vessel, and a pilot, arriving from the westward on Monday, states that he saw three men of war off the coast as he came round—one off Cape Clear and two off the Seven Heads. The occurrence of Monday evening is enveloped in some degree of uncertainty, but, as far as careful inquiries have enabled us to ascertain, the following appear to be the facts:—The evening was rather thick, but not so thick as to prevent the look-out man on board the Newfoundland barque Sarah Ann, Captain Lynch—then lying between the forts, waiting for orders—seeing, between six and seven o'clock, about six boats being rowed out of the harbour seaward. They were not whaleboats and were about the size of man of war cutters. One of the boats passed so near the schooner that the look-out could see in it a number of armed men, and in the bottom of the boat were some small water casks or breakers. The four or five others were more distant, but all were pulling in the same direction. Very accurate observation was impossible in the fog that prevailed; but it is asserted that when passing the Sarah Ann three gunshots were fired from the boats—with what object does not appear. When the captain, who was in the cabin, came on deck, the boats had disappeared, and he returned to the cabin. Meanwhile, the ram Research seems to have been in pursuit of some vessel in the offing, for, sighting a collier bound to Cork, she fired two or three times across her bows, and when the collier, taking no notice, kept on her course without showing any colours, the Research, it is said, sent a shot through her mainsail, close by the mast. The collier then hoisted her colours, and was allowed to proceed without further molestation, the ram, however following her into the harbour. About the same time the captain of the Matilda Octavia, from Quebec, going off from Queenstown to his ship was for some time dodging about in the fog in search of her. He also reports having heard a gunshot fired at a short distance about the same time, and soon after met the Research coming in. Missing his own vessel, he hailed the Sarah Ann, and was invited on board by the captain, whom he had previously known. While they were at tea in the cabin a boat came alongside, from which a naval officer jumped on board and inquired where was the captain. The watch replied he was where he should be. The officer then called for his sword, and it was handed him out of the boat. He then repeated his inquiry for the captain of the schooner, and the watch called Captain Lynch on deck. The officer asked him whether he had seen any boats pass out to sea, or heard any shots fired. Capt. Lynch informed him of what the watch had seen, and the officer then left. Heavy firing is reported to have been heard seaward during the night. The Research, accompanied by the dispatch vessel Helicon, went to sea again early on Tuesday morning. Since then nothing further has transpired.

## LITERATURE.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography," a Universal Gazetteer. Containing upwards of twelve thousand distinct articles. Illustrated by coloured maps, ancient, modern, and Biblical, with one thousand engravings. Complete in twelve monthly parts. Part I., price 6d. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster-row.

This promises to be the cheapest and most comprehensive gazetteer ever issued to the public. The first part contains a map of Abyssinia, one of Asia, nineteen capital illustrations, and gets us about half-way through the letter A. "Beeton's Dictionary of Geography" should be in every library, and on every book-shelf.

"Bible Animals; an account of the various birds, beasts, fishes, and other animals mentioned in the Holy Scriptures." By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., author of "Homes Without Hands." Copiously illustrated. Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer, Paternoster-row. Part I., price 1s. To be completed in twenty monthly parts.

This promises to be a very useful and, withal, entertaining work. The engravings are good, and the description of the various animals mentioned in the Bible is carefully written, and exhibits trouble and research on the part of the author.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, 1s.) for January, is very lavish in the way of presents. It gives its subscribers a fashion plate, a very handsome set of dinner cards, the heraldic arms of some of the principal States of Europe, and full-sized patterns for cutting out a low bodice and fichu Marie Antoinette with ash ends. The literary matter includes a tale by the author of "Kidnapped," "Domestic Science, from an Old Text," "Concerning Little Trials in Life," "Christmas from a Latin Hymn," "The Captain of the Forecastle's Yarn," "Some Curiosities of Materia Medica," "The Noblest Man," Christmas pieces, and "Spinnings in Town." There are also the usual fashion plates, needlework patterns, &c., which are all in all to the feminine instinct.

"Hanover Square," January 1868. Ashdown and Parry Hanover-square.

We cannot speak in too high terms of this musical magazine. "Felice Notta" is sparkling and clever. "A Voice from the Sea," the words by W. S. Parnmore, the music by Mr. Hatton is a capital drawing-room morceau. A valise by Brinley Richards is, what all the compositions of that gentleman never fail to be, brilliant and full of real music. "The King's Daughter," set to music by Reichardt, we like very much. The translator has done this fragment of Heine justice, though, in fact, his task was simple enough. We can recommend this song to young ladies who have a smattering of German. They will find it easy, yet effective, and it will amply repay any little pains they may bestow upon it, when introduced to the not hypercritical notice of the drawing-room.

## THE GARDEN.

### HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

It will be advisable, considering the late moist weather, to discontinue digging in any form until some of the moisture has drained away, for the very object for which we turn the soil over is entirely neutralised by undue compressibility caused by the pressure of the feet, if this operation is persisted in before the soil is properly dried. There are many things which might be done now, however, with the view of forwarding all work possible before a more busy and pressing season arrives. Gravel might be procured, where it is necessary to fresh coat or thoroughly renovate any of the walks. This operation requires a little studied supervision. Generally speaking, most good veins of gravel have two or three distinct strata or forms; these, though seemingly alike superficially, are not so analogous as they appear. One stratum may be soft and binding, deficient in fact in quantity of pebble; and another, the very next, may be so composed of "grit" and pebbles alone as to be absolutely incapable of binding at all. Hence it will be readily seen that it is only by a careful admixture of these two distinct sorts, that a proper material can at all times be attained to make a walk sufficiently binding and firm, and yet so porous as to afford complete drainage for all superficial water. Where new walks are being formed, of course the most complete form of under-drainage mat at all times be laid down. Any material, no matter how rough, if really porous, will suffice for such a purpose. Additional drains to any walks needing such should also be laid down, as weather permits. Be assured that nothing adds so much to the really decorative part of any garden as good, sound clean walks. Their utility otherwise needs no confirmation. Snow softens the soil much; hence it is advisable after what has fallen to re-examine all newly planted trees, shrubs, &c. So that the stakes placed for their support have not become thereby loosened, and otherwise attend to them. Be particular in the treatment of Polyanthuses, Auriculas, Carnations, Violets—the re-secution of the latter especially—in frames; afford them all the air possible, and especially during the continuance of mild periods. Damp, not cold, is their greater enemy. It is only, therefore, by giving it the freest egress that perfect immunity from its too certain injury is assured.

### THE FRUIT ROOM.

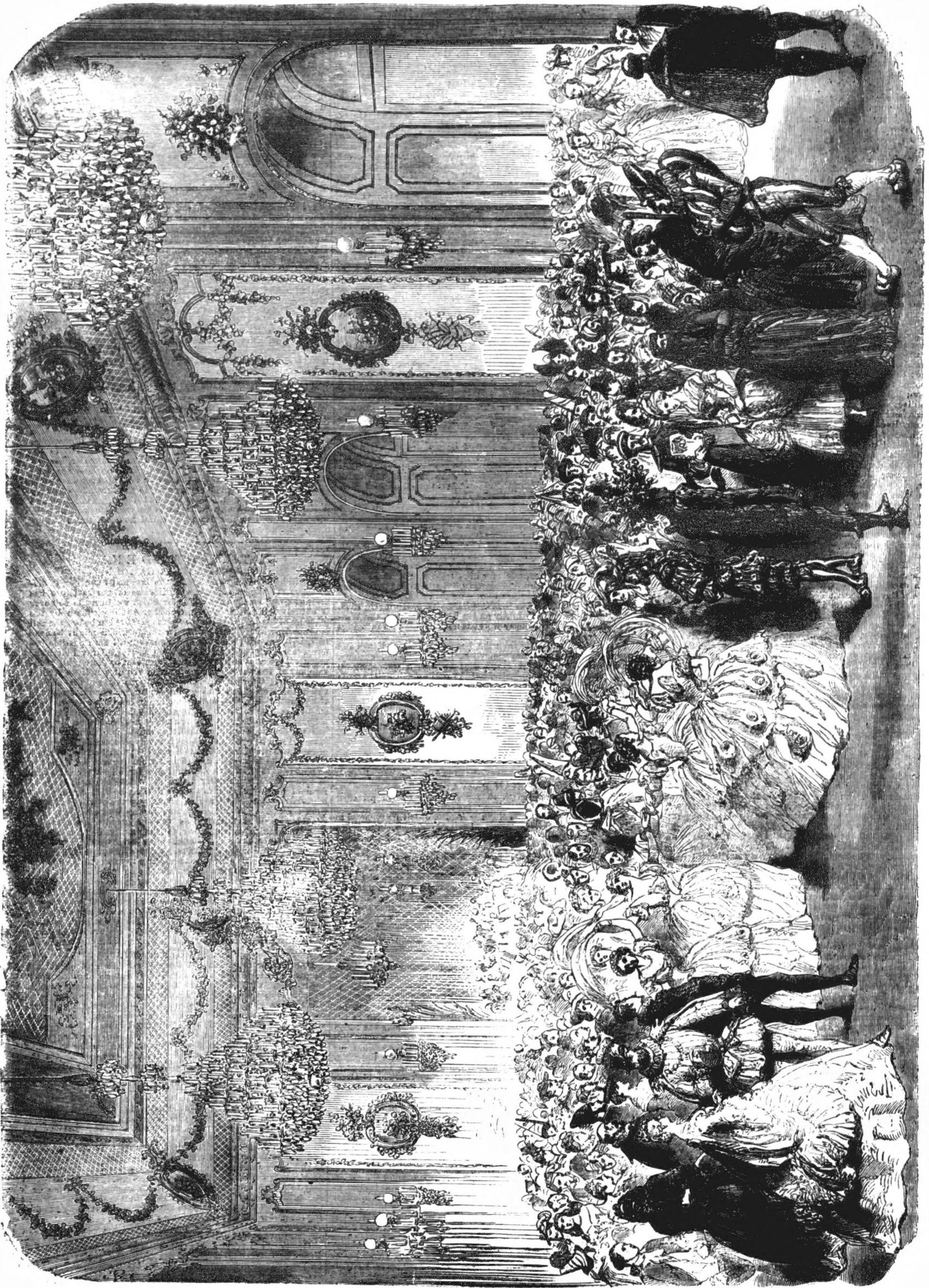
Decaying, or rotten fruit, I scarcely need suggest, should not be permitted to remain after the first symptoms of decay show themselves. Considering how trying it is to keep fruit in such weather as that which we have lately experienced—the atmosphere being saturated with moisture as I write—I have thought it well to refer to the great utility of fresh "unslacked" lime as an absorbent of moisture. A quantity placed in small lots, equally distributed about the room, will aid much in purifying the internal air. Nor should the good effects accruing from the wiping of each fruit with a clean soft and dry cloth be overlooked. On the contrary, this operation should be had resort to, after all sudden changes of temperature.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

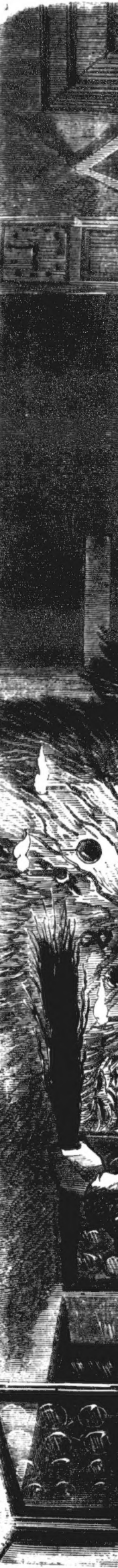
My previous suggestions concerning digging and the like, whilst soils are as wet as they are now, I would here still more strenuously enforce. Those who are desirous of growing early Tomatoes for culinary purposes, might now sow the necessary seeds and place them in any ordinary warm house to germinate. Give them air in abundance whilst growing; they need little attention, and will well repay the same amply hereafter when vegetables have become more scarce. To keep up a constant succession of such things as Seakale, Rhubarb, Chicory, &c., it will be necessary to secure another batch as soon as each of the former ones has commenced growing. Keep them in the dark and without more air than it is necessary to admit when occasionally examining them.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Sarcasm of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT and MAY'S patent safety matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These safety matches are very generally sold by grocers, oilmen, &c.





THE NEW YEAR'S REVELS.—A FANCY DRESS BALL.





THE NEW YEAR'S REVELS.—A FANCY DRESS BALL.



CHRISTMAS IN ALSACE, GERMANY.—(See page 20.)



## The Baddington Decease.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

#### "WATCHMAN—WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

A PRECISELY analogous remark to that uttered by the Boodle, though couched in language more refined, broke from the lips of Mrs. Gervase Falcon, as, when the happy wedding-party drove away from Saint George's, Hanover Square, the missive, which might have been a missile, skimmed through the window, and fell on her husband's lap.

"Good gracious! how pale you are, my dear!" This was what Mrs. Gervase Falcon exclaimed. I think a similar exclamation might be condoned even in you, stole of stoles—to whom the sight, maybe, of your grandmother's ghost would cause no greater emotion than an oscillation of the eyelid, if you were to see the face of a person, five seconds before rubicund with health and apparent happiness, suddenly assume the hue of modellers' clay, and then a tinge more awfully resembling the Clay into which God resolves this poor potsherd when the stream is dried up on which the Earthen and the Brazen float, and they come into collision and are shattered for ever.

Not much less pale than in the face opposite were the hands which, shivering with the palsy, enfolded that paper ball; and not much less fiery than a furnace were the eyes which scorched up and sucked in the writing on the crumpled, ragged scrap. One hand closed on the latter, summons, death-warrant, ballad—whatever it may have been—closed on it rolled up into a ball again; the other sought a certain place on the buff waistcoat, perhaps to feel the links of the heavy gold chain, perhaps to feel the pulsation of the heavier human heart beneath.

"My dear," the happy bride's Papa rejoined to the inquiry of his spouse, "My dear, I feel—I felt—that is, I don't feel as if—My God, is there any body there?"

"Any body there—Mr. Falcon—my dear Gervase! Shall I stop the carriage? Are you ill?"

"Any body there—my body where?" In the squabs of the carriage—he looked at them. In his hat—he looked at it. Under the coat—he looked at it. In the street—the sky—the sun that had gone into the grey clouds—the moon that had not risen from them yet: for Mr. Falcon had thrust his head first out of one window, next out of the other, searching the whole prospect with those eager eyes.

Drawing in his head at last, and wiping his face, not so pale now, but very clammy, disordered, and scared, he began to laugh in a hard, dry manner.

"It's nothing my dear Caroline, nothing," he said, with Heavens and Earth! such a something in every denial. "Nothing—a begging letter. Yes; that's it. A begging letter. Some vagabond has been writing me a begging letter. What a curious occasion to choose! Ha! ah! Our dear girl's wedding day, and the church-door! The church-door too!"

"What a curious place, and what a curious party!" John-Peter, on the knife-board b-bied, with his gold-tipped stick at an angle of forty-five degrees with the carriage-roof, was at that very instant of time—thinking—thinking as at this present instant you may be thinking of persons thousands of miles away, or as thousands may be thinking about you, at your elbow, or at the farthest ends of the earth; seeming enemies with thoughts of love, seeming dear friends with thoughts of hatred, but for them and for you never to know their truth or falsity, or the thoughts themselves, till the End is here, and the Soul-Silences become eternally eloquent.

As Gervase Falcon's carriage rolled swiftly Grosvenor-square-wards, it may be that its owner dreamed a dream: the ragged scrap of paper still clutched in his hand. He dreamed, perchance, that he was at his daughter's wedding again, and that he saw the pretty bride blushing, the long bridegroom nervously twisting his fingers, the gay following rustling their robes of silk, and fluttering their garnitures of gauze and lace. There was the Reverend Grylls, and there the Reverend Lactael, rector and curate, standing within the communion-rails; there was the goodly Church-and-State presence of St. George's, Hanover Square, suggestive of the Royal Arms, the Thirty-nine Articles, plenty of plum-cake, red portwine, and the *John Bull* newspaper. And it fell out that dreaming the dream, Gervase Falcon dreamed that he was dreaming another. He was still at a wedding; but it was in a little old, gray, mossy, country church. There was but one clergyman, a very nervous young country parson, evidently new to his business, who began by opening the Prayer-Book at the Gunpowder Plot instead of the Marriage Service, and stammered wofully, and asked the bride (who did not wear a hat and feathers, and was not—so curious are dreams—in the least like Caroline Amy, now Lady Guy) absurd questions, saying to her, "Sarah, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded husband?" and the like; then blushing, and trying back, and brought to great confusion. Whose wedding was this? Caroline Amy's. But Lord Baddington gave that bride away, and here was a bride-giver in the person of a broad-faced, bald-headed fellow, whose waistcoat bore unmistakable marks of an apron-string, and who might have been the landlord of the village inn, summoned to perform his duties in haste. Who was the bridegroom, too? Not Sir William Gye, Baronet, for this espouser was neither tall, nor nervous, nor awkward. Was the church itself St. George's, or the venerable parish church of some quiet village—Long Mallow, Mallow Cray, Saint-Mallow-in-the-Marches, for instance. But the parties were married in a dream. They were to love and cherish, to honour and obey, in a dream. They were joined together—in a dream—by Heaven; and no man was to put them asunder. Never to be put asunder, in a dream or in vital reality. Never to be put asunder?—But does not Novalis say that "when we dream that we are dreaming, we are near waking?"—and thus, as Gervase Falcon dreamed that he was dreaming of a wedding in a village church, a wedding at which the costumes of bride and bridegroom far more resembled those of eighteen hundred and ten than of eighteen hundred and thirty, he woke to find himself at the door of his own mansion in Grosvenor Square, with the ragged scrap of paper still clutched in his hand.

So now all this godly company hied into the dining-room, whose mahogany tables groaned (they always groan) beneath the weight of all the delicacies of the season. Are there any seasons, I wonder, in the year without delicacies? Not for Fashion, surely. In the night season, when deep sleep falleth upon men, Fashion can have its "delicacies" in eiderdown quilts, spring beds, and tables laid out *en cas de nuit*. In that darkest, stillest of all seasons—the Winter Season of Life—the last day of the last year, to which no new year is to succeed—there are delicacies for Fashion, even then. For are not "rich silk habandans" delicacies?—and hatchments, and "crimson velvet with cherub handles and gilt nails," and the "usual achievements?"

The delicacies, however, which Genter the renowned furnished forth for the marriage table on the present occasion were by no means funeral-baked meats. Need I describe the wedding breakfast? I long to do so. I deeply wish it were your bridal feast—feel of my soul with the chestnut looks—I had to describe. As the scene cannot here be narrated, let it be imagined; which, according to the *Puella* of penny-a-lining, is "better," under all circumstances of "recess."

... "For I am sure," Lord Baddington went on to say, standing up at the table quite beautifully, on those polished silken legs,

and holding a champagne glass in his trembling white fingers, "for I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, there is not one person present on this auspicious, this mirthful, I may say this delightful occasion," (Hear! from Compton Guy, and a sigh from a bridesmaid, who perfectly agreeing with the poet, that "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," thought the near prospect of thirty years of age and celibacy anything but enchanting), "who will not from the bottom of his or her heart" (tears from the younger sisters of the bride) "respond heartily—nay, enthusiastically" ("Good!" from the honourable Tag and Co.; "Very Good!" from Compton Guy) "to the toast I am about to propose.—The health of the Bride." All the honours. Seventeen times seven. One cheer more. Six cheers more. Any number of cheers more. They cheered in England in eighteen hundred and thirty. They were a vulgar race. Old Lady Tottringham not only drank the toast, but ate it in lobster salad. Compton Guy broke one glass and overturned another. Confusion!

A speech from the Bridegroom, consisting mainly of monosyllables, blushes and "hems." Tremendous cheering. Many more speeches, many more cheers, many more healths proposed and drunk with all the honours. The ladies' eyes began to sparkle as the bubbles of Ruinart's and Moët's delicious nectarine poison—they did not drink Cliquot then—scintillated in the slender glasses. The last speeches were somewhat rambling, not to say husky as regards utterance—not to say (oh! not for the world to hint at) somewhat incoherently champagney. Old Lady Tottringham told Compton Guy, flatteringly to his face, that he was tipsy; and, said the jolly old lady, that it reminded her of her young days, when Mr. Fox took wine with Mr. Sheridan. But it was a brave wedding, any way. Was there ever a braver one before or since?

The proud and happy father of the bride, after that grand speech of his, which was so much applauded, and which caused him to shed tears—of pride and happiness no doubt—was standing near the dining-room door, holding both his daughter's hands in his: She, poor little bird, blushing and sobbing, nestling on his breast; He looking in her face with inexpressible tenderness and fondness. Should it not be so, all good people, when the first-born, the dear daughter of the house, goes forth to new ties, new obligations, and new life? The Bridegroom had spoken some mainly, sensible words to Mrs. Falcon, though he was but an awk-



THE DISTURBANCE IN THE HALL.

ward, bony fellow of a baronet, who stammered when he spoke. Mrs. Falcon was certain, she said, that William would do his duty to Caroline. The younger sisters, Lucy Falcon of the raven tresses, and Sarah (her father had insisted that his youngest daughter should be christened Sarah—a name which Mrs. Falcon objected to as horribly ungenteel, and only admitted, under protest, as "Sara")—Sarah of the clustering ringlets clung about Caroline Amy, and cried, and laughed, as girls in such joy-sorrows will do. The little family group were somewhat isolated. Lord Baddington—excellent nobleman—left them to the indulgence of their natural emotions, and devoted himself to the consolation of a pretty bridesmaid, in peach-coloured satin, with a lace scarf in *point d'Alençon* over it; and who, having nothing particular to cry about, was weeping in a heart-rending manner. Compton Guy had gone to the window, and was flattening his military nose against the panes, looking at the bride's travelling chariot, with the four grays, and the postillions vested in pink, with the little ragamuffins, the policemen, the people with nothing to do, the nursery-maids, and the afternoons' milk waiting to see the bride and bridegroom come out. Tag and Co. had gone to champagne again, whispering witticisms; and old Lady Tottringham, after having eaten and drunk a good deal more than was good for her, had gone to sleep, a glass of maraschino beneath her good old nose.

"*Libiamo ne lieti calici!*" Fill up the cup once more. A health to their life-long happiness! A fairy's silver shoe to throw after William and Caroline. The Noble Viscount suggested to the pretty bridesmaid, who, having nothing to cry about, was crying, that one of her pink satin shoes would be the very thing to throw. The pretty bridesmaid blushed. Then they opened the dining-room door; and John-Peter, and Tummies, and Enry, and Charles not being omitted, threw wide open the great lions'-head knocker portals, that gave egress to Grosvenor Square.

Hark! It was no more a dream, but as true as death, that, just at this moment a scream—long, loud, piercing, horrible to hear—rang through the entrance-hall, echoing and re-echoing from basement to garret of the whole grand house. There was a start and a cry of amazement from the gay company, an unclinking of clasped hands, a suspension of whispers. Smiles dropped from lips like withered leaves, and fond looks froze in the eyes of women. Then the proud and happy father, with an awful prescience in his face, sprang through the open doorway.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NIGHT COMETH.

It needed no second summons beyond that Trumpet-Scream to bring the guests pell-mell into the hall, Gervase Falcon first and foremost. There he—there they—found fighting, howling, and wrestling with the footmen on the oil-cloth of the hall, a ragged, shameful woman—possibly, to credit one's ears, mad; apparently, to credit one's eyes, in an epileptic fit; certainly, to credit one's olfactory organs, drunk.

Amid the noise and confusion, and hurrying to and fro of feet, the shrieking of the womankind, and the clamour of men's tongues, things naturally resulting from so untoward, unforeseen, and unseemly an event as the falling into a fit on an oil-cloth, of a drunken mad woman at the threshold of a wedding feast, those whose attention had not been exclusively occupied by the contemplation of the wretched cause of the disturbance, might have noticed that the face of Gervase Falcon had assumed that same ashy corpse-like hue that overspread his countenance when the miserable woman threw the crumpled paper in at his carriage window at the church door. He, looked, indeed, so ghastly, and shook so in every limb, and muscle, and nerve, that the contingency of his, too, falling in a fit on the floor of his hall appeared by no means improbable of occurrence. He mastered himself, however, by some strong internal effort; and, thrusting aside the staring menials, and motioning the wonder-stricken guests to give the convulsory room, knelt down by her side, and bade somebody fetch a surgeon, for God's sake.

"I know this woman," he cried out in a savage tone, for an apology or an explanation; she's a poor rel—, a poor dependant of mine. That is, she was. Help me, some one, to carry her upstairs."

If the poor woman had been one of the Demoniacs, who dwell in caverns and waste places, among bats and dragons in the old times, and howled their horrid lives out, she could not have looked more horrible and less earthly than when—the voice of Falcon seeming to smite her muffled senses and to wake her to something like consciousness—she, after a desperate plunge or two, sat up in the midst of the floor, and began to stare with her red eyes, and drag her fingers through her matted hair, and croon out some gabble, which, though still inarticulate, was yet a thousand times

nearer human speech than the yells which a moment before had been echoing through the brave house in Grosvenor-square.

"Do you hear me! John—Charles!" Mr. Falcon exclaimed querulously. "Help me to carry this poor woman upstairs."

They had first to help to set the poor woman on her legs, prop her up against the wall, smooth her disordered garments, and moisten her lips with water. There was a wide circle around her of frightened, astonished faces; no one near her but the two footmen, who, with scared looks, supported her on either side, as their master had bid them, and Gervase Falcon, still with his knees trembling, and that old corpse-like face.

They were about (under strong mental protest from John-Peter, and Charles his brother) to move her again, when, with a reel that was meant for a rush, she extended her gaunt arms towards Gervase Falcon, and spake:

"Do any of you know who this man is?"

If the fingers of a Hand had suddenly come out upon the wall, and written, as if in sand, that the Medes and Persians were at the gate; if she had cast a millstone into the midst of them there, and cried out that Babylon the Great was fallen, was fallen; if she had been the Witch of Endor, and had suddenly evoked the ghost of Samuel from beneath the oil-cloth, she could not have caused more terror and astonishment than she did by this simple question. And there beside her stood the master of the house, deadlier in hue than before, his head bent down, his hands clasped, a new palsy in his limbs.

"Do any of you know who this man is?" she asked, elaborating the words this time with painful minuteness. Before, they had rushed from her lips like a lava-torrent. "Do you know—do you know who I am? Rot you all!"

No one answered. Who was to answer? What answer could be given, save by the master of the house, who had declared this tatterdemalion castaway to be his poor rel—, his poor dependant. He made a movement, as if to place his hand on her mouth, laying the other on her arm; but she broke away from him, and, with a fresh scottish reel, cried out to the bride, who was leaning, half swooning, on her husband's shoulder:

"Come here, you girl, and I'll tell you."

"My good woman—" Sir William Guy expostulated.

"Your good woman! your good devil!" the creature went on swaying her uncertain arms about. "I'm the worst woman in the world. He knows I am; ask him!"

(To be continued.)



## The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEAL.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

He shrank from the caress, for his fiery blood was slow to cool, yet he returned the pressure of her hand, and turned away his head to hide his tears.

While these things were passing, Sir Edward Dudley remained silent, his deep-set eyes flashing under their white eyebrows from face to face with anxious restlessness.

Madam Harveyl, as we shall continue to call the unfortunate Dowager-Countess of Branchland, dared not meet his glance for more than an instant, though he several times paused to stare at her.

At length Sir Edward advanced to her and said abruptly—

"Lord Albert declares that he believes you to be, and ever to have been, a noble and virtuous lady, though he knows you stabbed the old earl, his father, as he slept. Perhaps, did I know all, I might believe and forgive."

"I was innocent! I was mad! Oh, I beseech—"

"Silence, or you may say too much," broke in the baronet, with a harsh grip of her arm. "I am slow to believe, for I have been too often deceived. Silence; if that is Lord Edgar—God knows where you have hidden yourself these twenty years or more—if that is Lord Edgar, where is his mother? Does she live?"

"I hope so. Yet if she lives, what years of agony must she not have suffered. I hope she still lives. I think she is the mad woman called Mag Floss, in the Red House."

"The Red House! The house of the alchemist? The house of Reginald Brame?" exclaimed the baronet, setting his teeth so firmly that he seemed to gnash them, while his frame quivered with rage.

"Yes, Sir Edward. The Red House."

"And had you any hand in placing her there?" he whispered, fiercely.

"If Great Heaven! No, I never suspected that she was in the power of dreadful Wild Redburn until last night."

"Wild Redburn? What do you mean? The Red House is the home of the alchemist," said the baronet.

"And the alchemist, Reginald Brame, is Herbert Redburn, of Essex," replied she.

The baronet uttered a cry, or rather a howl of rage and amazement, so sharp and dreadful, that all eyes were instantly upon him.

He glared for a moment at Madam Harveyl, and then sprang before the earl, exclaiming, as he grasped his arms, and forgetting all law of etiquette in his wild emotion:—

"My lord, it was you who said that the cruelty of Reginald Brame deformed that young man. Who is Reginald Brame?"

"Herbert Redburn, of Essex."

"And you were in his house and did not slay him, if you believed that his infernal poisons maddened Lady Alice to murder your father!" cried the baronet.

"It was my purpose to be first beyond all doubt in my belief that Reginald Brame was Wild Redburn, and then to be sure that this lady was Matilda, the lost daughter of the Duke of Langford; then to snatch her from Redburn's devilish power. Vengeance for the murder of my father would have followed, when that vengeance would not have entailed my own destruction."

"And Lady Eleanor Redburn?"

"I do not know that she lives—"

"Lady Alice says there is a mad woman in the Red House—a Mag Floss—and that she is Lady Eleanor!" cried the baronet, whose air of intense excitement was almost that of a madman.

"Great Heaven! can it be? I never suspected that," replied the earl, surprised. "I saw but little of the mad woman, Mag Floss. You must know that I was but a child when Lady Eleanor disappeared, or was murdered. Can it be that the miserable, emaciated lunatic, Mag Floss, is the unfortunate Lady Eleanor?"

"Ah," sobbed Lenora, weeping upon her lover's bosom, while one hand still held a hand of her brother, "I believe that she is my mother, if my mother's name was Lady Eleanor Redburn, for I have heard her so call herself, poor lady."

"The devil Redburn!" groaned the baronet, clenching his hands, and raising them above his head with wild vehemence of the most bitter hate. "I struck you down this day not knowing that I felled the traitorous poisoner, Reginald Brame; but had I dreamed that you were he, though a thousand swords clashed around me, I would have torn out your living heart."

"And is mad Mag Floss my mother?" asked Lord Edgar, releasing his hand from his sister's grasp, and speaking to Madam Harveyl.

"I have no doubt that she is Lady Eleanor Redburn, and if so she is your unfortunate mother," replied she.

"I am bewildered by all I hear, and all I see," said Lord Edgar, as he marked the agitation of Sir Edward Dudley, who was pacing the floor with rapid and heavy strides, and snatching at his sword as he paced to and fro, his eyes bent down, and his brow knitted in a terrible frown. "I am bewildered, kind lady," continued Lord Edgar. "Tell me, what are you to Sir Edward, that I have heard him address you so authoritatively?"

"If I am the miserable sister of that unfortunate Lady Eleanor Redburn," she answered, in a broken voice. "I am your aunt, and Countess of Branchland, once the wife of the aged father of the nobleman who clasps my niece to his bosom. I am that Lady Alice, of Branchland, who stabbed her aged, white-haired husband as he slept—ah, you have heard the tale of horror Lord Edgar! You shrink from me, my child; but, as God is my judge, I swear that I know not what I did."

"Hush, my mother, for such you will ever be in my heart, interrupted Lord Edgar, with a caress. "Lord Albert has declared that you are a noble and virtuous lady, and had he declared otherwise, my sword would have sprung at his heart. But who is Sir Edward Dudley? What is he to you, that he speaks so much like a master; and what to Lady Eleanor, my mother, that he acts so like a madman? Tell me, mother."

"I dare not, I cannot, without the consent of Sir Edward Dudley," moaned Madam Harveyl, sobbing bitterly. "Mad! He has had blight and sorrow enough, poor old man, to drive ten men to madness. Ah, me! I remember the time when he was a happy, smiling, tender-hearted gentleman. You see him now a wild, ruined, desperate, broken-hearted old man; with nothing left of his former self except his iron frame, his muscles of steel, and his fiery courage—yes, and his miseries!"

Lady Lenora now advanced with the earl, and threw an arm around Madam Harveyl, saying in her soft sweet tones—

"Dear lady, Lord Albert has just told me that you are my aunt. Oh! believe me that I would have loved you for your tender care last night and all this day. Do not weep, dear aunt, for both I and my newly-discovered brother will love you, and devote our lives to making you forget your sorrows."

"God bless you, dear child!" replied Madam Harveyl, returning the caress warmly. The earl—oh, Heaven, make his life most happy!—has declared that he can prove how innocent I was or, alas, how mad I was—that I never could do, or I had not buried myself from the world. Thank you, my children, for your love—ah, for yours too, good honest Martha," she said, perceiving that her faithful servant was kneeling behind her. "You have ever been true, kind, and devoted."

"And ever will, Heaven knows," said Martha, kissing the robe of her mistress.

Here Sir Edward Dudley halted his rapid pacing, and advancing to the table, where old Giles Goodwin sat silent with wonder, said—

"Now, friend Goodwin, I must take refreshment, for to-night will see me in London."

"In London?" asked old Goodwin, as he hastened to serve the baronet. "Why, I have been planning your escape, Sir Edward. There is reason to believe a Roundhead spy saw the earl and his party land this noon, and escape should be immediate, if possible."

"You are not serious, Sir Edward?" said Sir James Howard.

"Do you mean that you intend to throw yourself into the jaws of death?"

"I am going back to London this night," said Sir Edward, firmly. "Ay, as soon as I have eaten and drunk. I have but one life, my friends, and that is a miserable one, torn and tattered with ruined hopes, and I am ready to give that to finish the blow I struck this morning. Friend Goodwin, you can aid me to some cunning disguise?"

"I would rather aid you to escape from England, Sir Edward, than help you into London," replied the old farmer, shaking his head. "Yet I must yield my wish to yours."

"The spies of Cromwell will be keenly alert for disguises," remarked Sir James. "It is known that the King is in London, or it is believed and all eyes will be watchful."

"No matter; I am going, Sir James. Giles Goodwin, have your fastest horse saddled for me. Your larder is excellent, old friend; your wine is better, and your ale is not bad. The strength they give me makes me myself again. Go, see to the horse."

No persuasion would overcome the iron will of the obstinate old cavalier, and within an hour after he was spurring towards London.

As he departed, Madam Harveyl clasped her hands, and murmured—

"Oh, God, protect him, and grant that I may live to receive his forgiveness and blessing."

(To be continued.)

## THE LETTER G.

### AN AMERICAN TALE.

"Never mind, darling," he said, kissing her tenderly. "It is all the doings of that horrid old step-mother. Hallo! here is a letter from my uncle; he couldn't hold out any longer. I told you he was a regular brick; we're all right, never you fear."

He broke the seal. Enclosed was his own appeal unopened, and a short pithy note from his uncle, stating that as his hopeful nephew had chosen to go and make a donkey of himself before he was twenty years old, he might run through his little property as fast as he pleased, and break his wife's heart in the bargain; but he was not to expect any assistance by word or deed from, &c., &c.

"What a thundering old flint!" ejaculated Peter. "What a deuce of a fix!"

"Deuce of a fix? There's the eight hundred dollars, dear, and we will be so very, very economical. I'll go and unpack my trunks; perhaps papa has put some money in them."

She ran into the next room, radiant with this hope, just as the servant entered and handed an open envelope to Peter.

It was a bill, and read thus:—

|   | Byron House, August 31, 1863. | Dols. |
|---|-------------------------------|-------|
| To rent of room No. — and No. —, one week | .....                         | 50    |
| Meals in private parlour and attendance   | .....                         | 35    |
| Gas, one week                             | .....                         | 2     |
| Sundries, one week                        | .....                         | 10    |
|   |                               | 97    |

"Whew! George! Jupiter!—here goes nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board!" exclaimed Peter, the picture of dismay. "I had no idea it cost such a prodigious amount to live! How could we eat up thirty-five dollars in one week! We must be two regular ogres! Thunder, this is a fix and no mistake!"

"My darling Peter, what are you saying all those dreadful words about? What is the matter?" cried Madge, running in from her trunks. "What has happened to give you such a terrible long face?" and she put up her mouth for a kiss.

"Only a clincher," answered Peter, giving the kiss. "Our letters are sent back, and here is a bill for nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board."

"One hundred dollars! It's perfectly monstrous! Let's go somewhere else, dear; the Saint Roman's or the Coleridge. I'm sure they cannot charge such wicked prices! We boarded at the Coleridge last winter. I don't know what papa paid, but we had a great big parlour with the loveliest curtains, and such a splendid mantel glass, and a perfectly elegant Wilton carpet; and I remember papa said the charge was very reasonable, considering."

"Was it, darling? Then we will go and try."

They set off in high glee to get their accommodation at Saint Roman's Hotel, but found, upon inquiry, to their unspeakable astonishment, that the same style of rooms would cost them just double.

This wouldn't do; the Coleridge was very little better; and our two children went back to the Byron, not knowing where else to go, and stayed five weeks longer, to the tune of five hundred dollars more, counting incidental expenses; and then there was just two hundred left in the bank.

They had had such a delightful time! Peter, could not resist bringing home, once in a while, a basket of fragrant flowers to his darling, in whose lap he would gladly have poured all Tiffany's treasures. They had given two little recherché dinners to friends of Peter's who had happened in town, and his friends had stamped him on the back and volubly envied him the possession of such an angel; and he loved her, if possible, a thousand times more than ever.

But now another guest came; a scarcely-defined shadow of Care began to sit at the table unbidden.

It was now the 1st of October. People were beginning to come into the city for winter-quarters. The proprietor of the hotel wished Peter to engage the rooms he occupied, at least until January—just such rooms, he said, were wanted "by the acre." It was plain that they must leave.

In the evening after this, as the poor boy looked at the beautiful unconscious face of his wife, and thought how much curtains, chickens, and other bare necessities cost, and how very little money was left, and how soon they might come to utter destitution, he suddenly groaned aloud and wrung his hands.

"Darling, what is the matter?" cried Madge, running to him and kissing him. "Peter, what made you utter that dreadful groan?"

"We are beggars!" moaned Peter.

"What? You don't mean it! Can't we get some more money somehow?"

"Yes; we can beg, borrow, or steal."

"Oh, Peter!"—the little hands went up in dismay; the piteous eyes became dim with big tears;—then a soft arm went curling round his neck. "We have each other, darling!" said her loving, pleading voice. "We can work. I know how to crotchet very well, and you write such heavenly poetry! I'm sure somebody will give you loads of money for it. Just think of that sweet thing you wrote about me! I'll tell you what," she continued, suddenly brightening up, "let's go to housekeeping!—not in a whole house, you know, but in two rooms, as Mrs. Jones,

mammy's scampstress did when she married the carpenter. That will be the very thing! I'll go to market, and cook. I know how to stir a pudding—I did it once for fun! Yes, I am certain I shall be a capital poor man's wife, and we shall get on famously. What fun! Will you, dear?"

Good little wife! precious little soul! sly little woman! cheating him out of his heart-ache to hide it with her own. Oh, what an artful witch every good wife must learn to be! And so this extraordinary designing one got her husband to do her bidding with tolerable philosophy; for in two days the last hotel bill was paid, and our young couple settled in three small, plainly-furnished rooms, in the third story of a shabby house in a retired street—where, with a little cooking stove, a large cookery-book, just one hundred and fifty dollars, and undiminished affection for each other, they began this new phase of their married life.

Peter went vaguely about in search of employment, and Madge did the marketing. Such fun as it was! The first day she sallied forth with a small basket on her arm—bought a chicken, which she put in her basket; then went to a grocery store which the butcher had recommended, and asked for butter. She must taste it, of course, for Peter was very particular indeed about butter—so she told the grocer.

"Yes, mum," he said, "I keeps the primest butter in market; and this is only thirty-eight cents."

"Thirty-eight cents, is it? Well, it is excellent! You may send it home."

"Send the tub, mum?"

Madge thought an instant, and decided that, as he was so kind as to offer, the tub might be a good thing to have in the house; so she said:

"Oh, thank you! yes—send the tub, if you please; and I want some macaroni—Peter is so fond of it."

"Yes, mum. How much, mum?"

"How much do you usually sell to private families?"

"The genteeliest customers allays takes a box, mum."

"Oh, do they? Well, send it. If there is too much for once, you know—will it keep?"

"Lor' bless you, mum! keep a year," said the grocer, shaking with inward laughter.

"Well, then, send the butter and macaroni with the bill," and she gave her address, and went joyfully home.

She busied herself making the little rooms look as inviting as she could; and just before Peter came home she had popped her chicken in the oven, and was clapping her tiny hands, and laughing, and declaring to herself that, "After all, lace curtains and Wilton carpets were no great things."

When Peter came in he was followed up the stairs and into the room by a man with a large, heavy tub on his shoulder. He set this down, went out, and returned with a box about two feet square, marked "Macaroni." This he also set down, and taking a bill out of his hat handed it to Peter.

"What the deuce is this?" he cried: "Forty pounds of butter, at 38 cents a pound, 15 dollars 20 cents; and 30 pounds of macaroni, at 20 cents a pound, 6 dollars! Who told you to bring this here?"

"Fifteen dollars for butter!" exclaimed Madge. "Why the dreadful man told me it was only thirty-eight cents, and I didn't think there was more than two or three pounds."

"Forty pounds, mum, in the tub; forty times thirty-eight, fifteen twenty; all right, you see," said the man.

"Oh, Peter, what shall I do?" sobbed the poor child. "I was going to have every thing so nice; and there is such a lovely chicken cooking in the oven!"

"Never mind, darling; we must pay for these things I suppose; they will last the rest of our lives; and we will have the chicken, if it is done, for I am as hungry as a hawk."

The bill was paid, and Madge dried her tears. Peter and she set the table together, and were soon screaming with laughter over their own awkwardness, as man and maid of all work. A loaf of bread was placed on one corner, and some of the butter on another. Then the chicken was taken out of the oven. It was brown enough, for one thing; and Peter, thrusting his fork on either side of the breast-bone, prepared to cut it. It was a momentous crisis. Madge's eyes grew wide with expectant pride and happiness in the success of this her first step in the majestic science of cooking. The knife fell, and rattle, rattle, rattle, like small shot, went about half a pint of corn all over the dish!

Madge grew ghastly pale; nothing of this kind was ever in the chickens at her papa's table. What sort of strange monster was it?

Peter gave one cut more, dropped his knife and fork, and fell back in his chair, the image of consternation and despair. Suddenly he darted up, clapped his hands, and tore round the room, screaming with laughter. "Oh, oh, hold me!" he cried. "I shall burst. She forgot to take the insides out, the dear little innocent kitten! She has cooked insides, crop, and all! Ha! ha! Oh, what a brute I am!"

With this sudden change of tune he ran to his wife, who sat, white and miserable, staring through fast-dropping tears at the unfortunate chicken. If she had brought it with the feathers on, it would have gone into the oven all the same, with undoubting faith that it would come out ready for the table; and now to be so laughed at, and to deserve it!—she was ready to die with distress.

But Peter comforted her with the axiom that accidents would occur in the best-regulated families; and then he went out and bought some oysters, and they had a nice time after all. Poor things! they were devoted to each other. Grim, gaunt poverty had not planned herself quite yet on their hearthstone, and love bravely held his own.

But the time did come. In vain had Peter tried to sell his poetry, and his wife's crotchet-work: the newspapers and fancy stores declined speculating in amateur performances. Then the poor fellow, unknown to his wife, had answered two advertisements, one of which directed the anxious inquirer to send four postage-stamps, and receive in return an infallible receipt for making a fortune—no capital required. Peter got liberal directions how to speculate at a gaming-table on an infallible principle. The other proved to be an invitation, if he was "small and spry," to join a negro-minstrel band, in the capacity of female-dancer.

It was now November, and Mr. Bolton had come to the city with his wife. Madam had kept the whip hand over him in splendid style; for he had not dared to write to his little Madge, and forgive her, as he longed to do.

"Wait a while," said the superior power. Master Brooks' money will certainly last six months. After that, when it is gone, and they have felt the consequences of their disobedience, it will be time enough for forgiveness."

And so the poor old man, with his gray hair a shade whiter, and one or two additional furrows in his kind, weak face, put his hands in his pockets, and went brooding up and down the house like a heavy old ghost.

He took rooms at the Coleridge, and the very next day went wandering, in an anxious, stupid way, past the Byron House, staring at the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the sweet face he loved so dearly. Not succeeding, he took courage, buttoned up his coat tight, and gave a desperate ring at the bell.

"What's gone away?" he echoed after the servant. "Gone where?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know, you scoundrel! You do know. Tell me instantly, instantly, you rascal!"

(To be continued.)



## LECTURES TO WOMEN AT THE SORBONNE.

The vast importance of imparting sound and careful instruction to girls and women is a subject which is daily receiving increasing attention. This is the case not only among ourselves, but among Continental nations, as is evident from the movement now taking place in Sweden, of which we gave some notice a few weeks ago.

In France also his Excellency M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, has the credit of having initiated a course of instruction for women and girls, which deserves some remark in a journal for the use of women.

On the 10th of this month there took place in Paris, at the Sorbonne, the opening of the courses of secondary instruction, which have just been instituted for the special education of young girls. Two hundred and twenty-six pupils and a large number of ladies filled the vast amphitheatre from half-past twelve o'clock.

The first lecture to this brilliant and altogether novel auditory was given by M. Albert, professor of rhetoric at the Lycée Charlemagne. The subject was literature, and the lecturer showed that it is impossible to detach the literature of any period from the epoch which has produced it. M. Albert was followed by M. Hébert, professor of geology at the Faculté des Sciences, who recounted the marvellous changes to which our globe had been subjected, and spoke of the manner in which the earth's strata are disposed.

Several provincial towns, such as Limoges, Orleans, Beauvais, Auxerre, Troyes, Saint Quentin, have already commenced similar

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Exeter has set a good example to other cities. By the directions of the Mayor and corporation, the municipal archives are in process of being dug out of their hiding places in nooks and recesses of the old Guildhall, and arranged and classified after the neglect of centuries. The whole results of the investigation promise to be very curious and interesting, though many manuscripts have been destroyed by dust and worms. The collection of municipal records is singularly perfect, and reaches back in an almost unbroken series to the reign of Henry III., A.D. 1263. From 1332 we have regular accounts of receipts and disbursements by the city authorities. Among the most curious papers are the Custom rolls, showing what duties were levied in the port, &c. The collection of Royal charters is important; there is one of Henry II.'s and one of Richard I.'s time. These early charters are on the narrowest strips of parchment, showing how costly the material was when manufacture was in its infancy. But the calligraphy of the earlier records is exquisitely fine, and the durability of the ink used is remarkable, the blackest being that of Edward I.'s time. Other documents consist of inventories of cathedral and church ornaments, vestments, &c., Royal proclamations and letters, Order in Council concerning the cattle plague of 1749, certificates, title deeds, &c., and there are other records, interesting not only in a legal and antiquarian, but also in a literary point of view. A catalogue of the whole collection is in course of preparation.

## GOVERNMENT MISMANAGEMENT.

NEARLY the whole of the mule and camel drivers have deserted and gone to Massowah, says a correspondent in Abyssinia. The mules and camels are dying of thirst and neglect; the advanced brigade cannot be supplied with food; the harbour is becoming full of transports, because there is no means of taking the men inland, although there are plenty of animals; and all this because the land transport men desert. The officers of that corps work like slaves, they are up early and late, they saddle mules with their own hands, and yet everything goes wrong. Why is all this? Simply because the animals have been sent on before the men. A few officers and a comparatively small body of native followers are sent out, and to them arrive thousands of bullocks, thousands of mules, thousands of camels. The Arab followers, appalled by the amount of work accumulating upon them, desert to a man, the officers are left helpless. Had a fair number of officers and followers been sent out to receive the animals as they came, all would have gone well. It was simply a miscalculation. And so it is, I regret to say, in some other departments. You apply for a tent, and are told there are no bell tents whatever arrived. You ask for a pack saddle, and are told by the quartermaster general that there is not a single pack saddle in hand, and that hundreds of mules are standing idle for want of them. You ask for rations, and are informed that only native rations have yet arrived, and that no rations for Europeans have been



THE DISTRESS AT THE EAST-END.—VISITING THE POOR IN THEIR HOMES.

courses of instruction, and it is said that twenty-five other towns are preparing to follow their example.

In Paris, again, a number of literary and scientific men, assisted by a committee of lady patronesses, are endeavouring to establish a still more advanced course, also for the benefit of women and girls. The lectures thus delivered are meant to supplement the ordinary education given in schools, by no means to supersede it.

The instruction to be conveyed, imparted by teachers who are thoroughly acquainted with their subjects, cannot fail to be of use in giving to the pupils an expansion of mind impossible to be attained by any following of mere school routine. Such lectures as these not only bring before the minds of the hearers subjects which cannot be touched upon in any ordinary school course, but they present things in a new light, and handled in a manner different from that which must prevail in common school instruction.

It has been well said that the education of women concerns not only themselves, but those others whose companions they will be, and the younger generation, whom they will have to assist in instructing. When women are kept ignorant, and made frivolous, the influence which they exercise is in itself a terrible Nemesis for the wrong of which they have been the victims.—*Queen.*

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

## AGITATION IN PIEDMONT.

RECENT accounts from Turin state that attempts are now being made there and in other parts of Piedmont to produce an agitation with the view of restoring that country to the position it occupied before 1859. These machinations are said to have their origin at the Tuilleries, where similar designs are reported to be entertained with regard to the ex-kingdom of Naples. Whatever may be the chances of success of such plans in the South, they will certainly find but few supporters in Piedmont. There is no portion of the Italian peninsula where the union of Italy, with Rome for its capital, has been so firmly and enthusiastically adopted as an article of political faith as in Piedmont; and the Piedmontese members in both Houses, as well as the Piedmontese press, have always consistently spoken and written in behalf of that principle. It is true that the Piedmontese, like the Lombards and Venetians, complain of the inefficiency and costliness of the administration, and consider themselves unjustly treated in having to pay taxes (such as the land-tax) which are not paid in Southern Italy; but these grievances have in no way weakened their aspirations towards Italian unity, for which they are as ready to fight now as they were in 1859.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Boutflower, Carlisle, has been appointed vicar of St Lawrence, Appleby, in the room of the late Venerable Archdeacon Phelps.

sent, with the exception of the sixty days' provisions the 33d Regiment have brought with them. Why is this? There is scores of transports lying in Bombay harbour doing nothing. Why in the name of common sense are they not sent on? The nation is paying a very fair sum for them, and there they lie, while the departments are pottering with their petty jealousies and their petty squabbles.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]



## UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

If the Emperor of the French ever meditates on the life of his uncle with the view to learn what to avoid, he must be just now much refreshed as he ponders over the astonishing blunders that the elder despot perpetrated in the matter of Pius the Seventh, and contrasts them with his own ingenious devices on behalf of Pius the Ninth. Seeing the astonishing zeal with which the French Chamber has endorsed the Imperial policy with regard to the temporal power, and the zeal with which French officers are doing all they can for it in Rome, it is not a little curious to recollect that on the 10th of June, in the year 1806, a bull excommunicating the Emperor Napoleon was actually posted up on the walls of the chief buildings in Rome by command of the Pope, while the French troops were in full possession of the city, and in the face of threats that if the bull were issued the Emperor might give orders to shoot the Pope and hang cardinals *ad libitum*. The shooting and the hanging were of course mere threats; but for what followed few people were prepared. Pius the Ninth is now showering blessings on the French general and his subordinates from the Vatican. Does he ever think of what took place in the Quirinal in the early morning after the day on which his predecessor had excommunicated the conqueror of Austerlitz, when the palace walls were scaled by the French soldiery, and the Holy Father had to get up and dress himself in all haste in order to receive General Radet, and to learn that he must instantly get into a hackney coach and be carried off a prisoner to France? Few political anecdotes are more curious than the account given by Cardinal Pacca of the rapidity of the whole affair; how a single portmanteau was all the luggage allowed to the Pope; how he and Pacca, his only companion, found that they had just 1s. 5d. between them in their pockets; how the Pope refused to dress in any clothes less conspicuous than his usual garments, to the annoyance of the French general; how they were allowed nothing to eat before they started; how the Venetian

## THE STEAMER SMYRNA.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rotterdam sends a curious story about the recovery of the abandoned steamer Smyrna. She was a new screw steamer of 2,000 tons, 250 horse power, bound from Odessa with the largest cargo of linseed ever sent to Hull in one vessel—a cargo of 2,500 tons, insured for £32,000. Caught in the gale of Nov. 30th off the Kentish coast, she was so disabled as to become unmanageable. The Sheffield, a Hull steamer, and some fishing smacks vainly tried to tow her along, but could do no more than rescue the captain and some of the crew who had not previously abandoned the ship. It was then supposed at Lloyd's that the Smyrna had foundered; but on the morning of Sunday the 7th ult., the General Steam Navigation Company's vessel the Waterloo, bound for Rotterdam, found the abandoned steamer at some little distance from the Brill mouth of the Maas. The captain of the Waterloo knew the value of the prize, but had no cables strong enough to secure it. The Great Eastern Company's steamer Ravensburg, also bound for Rotterdam, arrived while the Waterloo was endeavouring to take the big steamer in tow, and having a better supply of cables undertook the task, which her rival was reluctantly obliged to relinquish. Towed by the Ravensburg and escorted by the Waterloo, the abandoned vessel was brought safely into Brouwer's Haven. But if this "find" was fortunate for the captains of the rescuing vessels, it was the reverse for their passengers. Jealous of each other's claim, the rival captains seem to have been afraid to forfeit any of their legal rights by quitting the prize. The passengers were therefore detained till the middle of Monday at Brouwer's Haven, when they were despatched in a small tug to Helveetals, which they reached after a bitterly cold sail of nine hours. It was then past midnight, many of the passengers had had nothing to eat since breakfast on the previous morning, and they had some difficulty in getting refreshment. At 5 a.m., they had again to walk in the dark night with the fleet

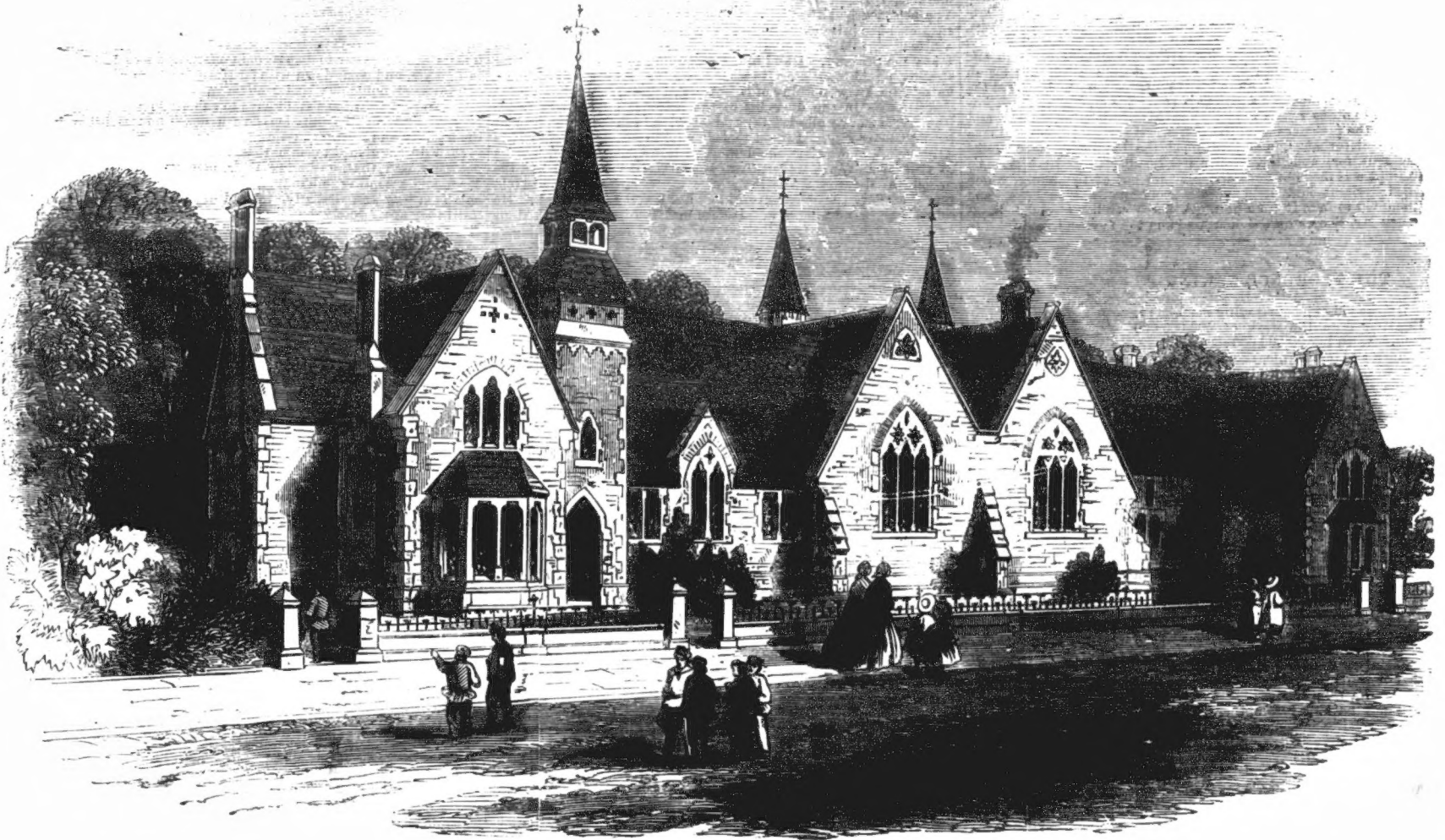
## THE NEW YEAR.

A RECENT ingenious writer took some pains to show in a newspaper article, that there were many reasons why the new year should not begin at the time when it actually does, and no very good ones why it should. But the fact that the 1st of January does not coincide either with the commencement of the church year, or with that of any special natural reason, does not influence the other fact that the civil year begins on that day, and, ingenious writers notwithstanding, is not likely to be moved, at least in our time, to any other period.

As we stand at the close of the year, and look forward to the new period so soon about to open, even those the least disposed to reflection have forced upon them, almost unawares, some thoughts of time's flight, and of the events which are brought in its train. We count up the gains and losses which the passing year has brought to us; and it happens not seldom that what is gone from us appears of more value than what we have attained. It is doubtless with some pain that we part from the old year. What it has done for us we know; but we cannot tell what is to come in the future. The past is among our possessions; the future is only full of possibilities.

All partings of friends have in them the element of pain, inasmuch as there is present in all the uncertainty of once again meeting. The old year has been to us a kind of friend, perhaps a hard and severe one, but still one whose features and peculiarities have become known to us. From it we must now, in the inevitable onward motion of things be severed; and, instead, we have all the untried year to begin.

There is, however, another side to the thoughts which crowd round us as to this new year. The fact it is still untried, that it comes to us in its freshness, gives us some hope. That "new leaf" which people so often talk about may be turned over, and a clean fresh page be opened, instead of the scrawled and blotted one of the



THE NEW NATIONAL SCHOOLS AT LEAMINGTON.

blinds of the carriage were pulled up and the doors nailed fast as soon as the Pope and the cardinal were inside; and how the French general, with one or two others, then mounted the roof of the carriage, and the captives were driven off as fast as the horses would draw them. Then, about noon, they stopped at a dirty little post-house near Viterbo, when the captives were treated to ham and eggs, at a table covered with an extremely dirty table-cloth; and in the evening they had their thirst quenched with some water got out of a wayside stream. At night, after a nineteen hours' journey in the stifling heat, they were lodged in a small mountain inn at Radicofani, where the cardinal helped the chambermaid to make the Pope's bed and to lay the cloth for supper; during which meal they tried to console themselves with texts of Scripture and such mild jocosities as the cardinal could summon up to keep up the spirits of his Sovereign. He considered, indeed, that it was specially by the Divine aid that he was enabled to be thus hilarious in the time of need. Then they laid themselves down, without undressing, in two miserable chambers, and the cardinal, after consoling himself by meditating on the lesson of the day, which happened to be the account given by St. Matthew of Christ walking upon the sea, fell asleep. Wonderful, indeed, are the vicissitudes in the fortunes of monarchs, even when their dethronements are only temporary!

**HAIR.**—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

**THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.**—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]

driving in their faces to some distance beyond the fortifications; there they embarked first in a little screw boat, next in a river steamer, and at length reached Rotterdam, after a journey of between sixty and seventy hours. The correspondent asks whether the discovery of a rich prize can fairly be reckoned among the unforeseen circumstances which absolve a shipper from fulfilling his engagements?

## THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS, LEAMINGTON.

THESE picturesque schools were opened at Leamington in November, 1859. The exterior of the building has an extremely pretty effect, being erected in a Gothic style of architecture, and presenting an elevation broken in parts, and distributed with great regard to proportion. The principal schoolroom is 77 feet by 40 feet; but there are class-rooms, beside the large schoolroom for girls.

**FUEL AT ALDERSHOT.**—The *United Service Gazette* states that the War Office has at last discovered that the amount of fuel served out to the troops at Aldershot has been insufficient and its quality bad, and that the principal barrack-master has been instructed to make all future issues at "the inland rate," which will increase the usual allowance by one-fourth. It is illustrative of the manner in which things are done in Pall-mall that this necessary step should have been deferred until the cessation of the late hard weather.

**IGNORANCE OF A TORY PAPER.**—While Mr. Disraeli is educating his dukes, it would perhaps be as well if he could spare one of his subordinates to impart a little elementary instruction in common things to the organs of his party. The *Standard* lately had two singular paragraphs, one headed "Alarming State of the Dykes in Holland," and the other, "Re-appearance of Cattle Plague in Holland." The first related to the dykes of Ostend and the quays at Liège, and the other to an outbreak of cattle plague at Antwerp. The *Standard* does not seem to know that Holland and Belgium are distinct States.

past. The enterprise hitherto almost hopeless may take fresh life with the budding of the spring, and may succeed yet. The new mode of life has possibilities of happiness in it; even the old griefs may become healed by the passing onward of "Time, the consoler."

In some points the new year's prospects are clouded enough. The home troubles of our nation are sufficiently great to cause our attention to be fixed on them, almost to the exclusion of any interest which may be felt for the struggles and trials of other peoples. To many hearts, the Abyssinian war is no question of state policy, of punishment well deserved, or of possible territory to be conquered. It is no curious matter of race or religion, or of the extension of any branch of scientific knowledge. It is a fact which involves constant fear and dear friends watching for foreign intelligence, half sick at heart for what may happen—possible pain and sorrow—in the best event, long weariness before reunion.

The late occurrences both in Ireland and in Britain, which have shown so much disaffection among a certain class of people, produce a not unjustifiable uneasiness, which it will take some time to calm.

Of approaching public events, hoped for or dreaded, it is hardly our province to speak. Only, it is interesting to all women to know that the efforts which are now being distinctly made for the advancement of the education of their sex, are likely to meet in the new year with some very decided encouragement.

It is also matter of rejoicing and hope that Her Gracious Majesty, whose absence from her station at the head of society has been so deeply and so long regretted, is likely again to be the head of her Court in person. The influence of a good woman, always beneficial, increases in its power for benefit in proportion as her rank is high and her position conspicuous. It is this influence, so powerful and so benign, that we shall be glad to see resuming its former sway.

Each individual among us has, of course, for the New Year, aspirations of his or her own. Whatever these may be, we may be allowed to hope for the best results in each case, and we may wish for all who read these lines a New Year as full of happiness as they can desire.—*Queen*.



## LAW AND POLICE.

**CLEVER CAPTURE OF BURGLARS.**—John Owen, alias Burgess, 30, and John Harris, 36, were charged with breaking into No. 5, Prince's-terrace, King Edward-street, Westminster-road.—Police-constable Hyde, 166 L, said, from information given, he went to the back portion of No. 5, Prince's-terrace, shortly after eight o'clock in the evening. At the back-door, which was open, he saw Harris, who on catching sight of witness, ran in, but he followed and laid hold of him, when he said, "Oh, you have done for me now." The other prisoner afterwards jumped from the landing window, but was caught, and at first resisted very violently. Witness, on inspecting the house, found that the parlour window had been forced, and the room was in the utmost confusion. In a back bedroom upstairs, the door of which was likewise forced, a chest of drawers, boxes, &c., had been broken open, and the contents scattered about.—Sergeant Hornsby, 18 L, said he searched the prisoners at the station. On Owen he found three skeleton keys, a quantity of silent matches, some duplicates, one relating to a gold chain pledged for £14s. Harris had two pairs of gloves, a common watch chain, latch-key, knife, and 1s. 8d. in copper money. He afterwards searched the house, and on the roof of the outhouse upon which the prisoner Owen was seen to jump from the landing window, was found the jemmy produced, which corresponded with marks on the door of the bedroom which was forced.—William Brinley, living at No. 7, Prince's-terrace, said on the evening in question he went into the back-yard, and knowing the house No. 5 was left without protection by the occupier, he looked about to see if all was safe. He suddenly saw a man pass the landing window with a light in his hand. Shortly after that he heard a crash, as though a door was being forced, and afterwards a light appeared in the back bedroom. Witness went through his own house into the street, where he informed two neighbours what he had seen, and with their aid and that of the police the prisoners were secured.—The prisoners, who made no answer to the charge, were committed for trial.

**ASSAULT ON THE POLICE.**—Joseph Rogers, aged 22, William Stent, 30, and Charles Rogers, 20, were brought before Mr. Paget, charged with violently assaulting Mr. George Sadler, the landlord of the Manchester Arms public-house, Cubitt-town, Isle of Dogs, Poplar.—On Friday afternoon the prisoners Stent and Joseph Rogers were in the Manchester Arms. A woman came in and called for half a pint of porter. Joseph Rogers asked her for an orange, and she had an offensive expression, and refused the orange. He struck her a violent blow on the mouth, and was proceeding to other rough usage, when Mr. Sadler interposed and ordered the prisoner out of the house. He refused to leave, made a great disturbance, and threatened the landlord. A constable was sent for, and Mr. Sadler left his bar to assist him. An attempt was made to force the prisoner out of the house, which failed. Stent laid hold of the policeman's truncheon, and attempted to take it from him. A fierce conflict ensued. Stent struck Mr. Sadler on the mouth and on the forehead, and tried to

kick the lower part of his person. A man got into a cart drawn by a swift horse, and went to the nearest police-station for assistance. Three other constables were brought to the scene of action. A riot of a formidable character ensued, and three constables of the K division were kicked and beaten. While one of the policemen was on the ground, Charles Rogers, who is not related to the other prisoner of that name, kicked him. Wallace, 214 K, was hit by the same prisoner under the ear and knocked down, and Stent tried to kick the same officer on the lower part of his person, and called on the mob to rescue Charles Rogers. A rough mob of excavators and others joined in the affray, and four policemen were more or less seriously injured. Joseph Rogers made a blow at Newstead, 411 K, in the station-house. Stent, who appeared to have been very desperate, had been for six months in Lewes Gaol for felony, and recently liberated.—Mr. Paget said that, for some reason the woman who had been struck did not appear against Stent, and it was fortunate for him she had not done so. It was a most unmannerly act to strike a woman on any provocation. That was the origin of the disturbance. Mr. Sadler had acted very right in what he had done, and had a right to interfere when he saw a woman ill-used. He sentenced Stent to one month's imprisonment for the assault on Mr. Sadler, and the other prisoners to two months' imprisonment each for the assault on the police-constables in the execution of their duty; hard labour to be annexed in each case.—The prisoners asked the magistrate to fine them.—Mr. Paget: No; I will not. I have laid it down as a rule, from which I have never deviated, that imprisonment and hard labour is the proper punishment for assaults on police-constables in the execution of their duty while they are doing it in a proper manner.

**THE FAIR ONES OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.**—George Christianudis, aged 22, of no settled residence, and described as an interpreter, was charged with stealing a gold bracelet belonging to Martha Tilton.—The prosecutrix, a pretty-looking young woman, dressed in a plain, simple style, said—I reside at St. John's Wood. On Christmas-day the prisoner, in company of a lady friend of mine, came to spend the holiday with me. In the room where we were, I had my writing desk, and left my keys in it. Between twelve and one at night, I missed my keys from it, and on the following morning I found my gold bracelet had also gone from my desk. The prisoner had then left. I spoke to the police of my loss, and suspected the prisoner as he left so suddenly.—John Trout, 237 S, a detective, said—I went to 27, Stanley-street, Brompton, where I saw the prisoner. I told him I was going to apprehend him for stealing a gold bracelet. He made no reply. At the station-house he said he knew nothing of it.—Anne Magnin said she saw the bracelet safe in the desk before the prisoner left.—Clara Lewis (the friend above alluded to) said—I wish to make my statement in my own way. I used to lodge in the same house as Miss Tilton. A short time ago I went with my friend (the prisoner) to visit her. When we left there she missed a locket. I met the prisoner afterwards at the lower cafe in the Haymarket, and told him that Tiny (prosecutrix) had lost her locket after we left. He said he knew nothing of it. I again met Tiny, and she asked me to come and spend the Christmas with her, and to bring George

(the prisoner). We went, but whether he had the bracelet or not I do not know. That rests with his own conscience. He went downstairs, and I, in a joke, asked him if he was going after a second dinner. I know he did a very unusual thing by leaving me so early in the morning and going home by himself. I did see the desk open.—Prisoner, who declined to say anything, was remanded till Thursday next.

## IMPROVEMENT OF PARK-LANE.

The delay complained of in completing the improvement of Park-lane between Oxford-street and Stanhope-gate has proceeded from the fact that there were three distinct jurisdictions to be reconciled before the road and footways of that narrow thoroughfare could be re-constructed. The eastern half of the lane is in the hands of the vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square; the western half belongs to the Metropolitan Board of Works; and Lord John Manners, on behalf of the Woods and Forests, exercises a supreme supervision over the whole. Under such circumstances it was to be expected that a few months would be wasted in squabbling over the width of the new footways and the construction of the roadway. All is, however, now arranged, and in a few days the necessary works will be commenced under the superintendence of the engineer of the Metropolitan Board. The eastern footway will be ten feet wide, the western six, and the remainder of the space won from the park through the indiscreet vigour of Mr. Beales and his friends will be thrown into the roadway. Lord John Manners has been contending for wider footways, and considering that Park-lane is the only thoroughfare between Kensington and Bond-street running north and south from the line of Piccadilly to that of Oxford-street, we think his lordship was in the right. The worst portion of Park-lane still remains to be dealt with; and to encounter successfully the opposition likely to be raised by the proprietors and tenants of the houses that will have to be taken down in making a good job of it an Act of Parliament will probably be necessary. It is clear that, in order to a suitable junction of Park-lane with Piccadilly, either the three houses and the stabling on the eastern side of Hamilton-place, or Gloucester House and some half-dozen others at the western end of Park-lane, must be swept away; and as the occupiers of these houses happen to be persons of wealth, influence, and position, it is probable that a good deal of dust will be kicked up before this necessary sacrifice to public convenience can be consummated. Churches, burial grounds, hospitals, and counting houses are far easier to dispose of in effecting a street improvement in London, and come down with far less noise, than do the mansions of West-end noblemen and gentlemen, who seem to think it intolerable that they too should have to submit to the common fate. Nevertheless, on this occasion, half a dozen houses belonging to the nobility and gentry must come down, and we would suggest to their distinguished tenants that they should make a merit of necessity, and that, gathering their mantles becomingly around them, and accepting a handsome compensation, they should succumb amiably and decently, instead of wrangling and resisting until they are forcibly bundled out, as if they were mere Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons, by Act of Parliament.

## THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.

By the aid of labour-saving machinery, England does the work of 500,000,000 men. With her 20,000,000 for engineers, firemen and assistants, she does more of the world's toil than all the millions of China and India. Who can estimate the amount of brain force that has been expended to bring about this astonishing physical result—that one man in England is equal in producing force to twenty-five men in China and India? This simple fact accounts, in a great measure, for the peerless position which England enjoys in the family of nations.

In the whole range of labour-saving machinery there is no one instrument of such universal utility as the Sewing Machine; we well remember the time when it was thought impossible to produce a machine so nearly human; but, thanks to American genius, the success is perfect, and now one of these instruments, of some sort, is within the means of every family.

It is an astonishing fact, yet a fact, that if the production and sale are kept up at the rate of the past five years, it will not be long before there will be as many sewing machines in use in the United States as there are families to use them—2,000,000 have already been sold. It is far different in England. Here the advantages of labour-saving machines, for the mill and the workshop, are fully appreciated; but the public are only just waking up to the importance of introducing them into the family. The women at home toil on in the old way, "their work is never done." Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is still applicable. They are—

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt."

When the women once become aware of what a sewing machine will do in lightening their toil, they will copy the example of the women of America—they will demand one as the most economical part of their furniture, and the law here, as there, taking a humane view of the case, will exempt it from seizure for debt. Many a poor woman who is now an unwilling object of charity might be wholly relieved and enabled to sustain herself, and perchance others dependent upon her, by the timely gift of a good sewing machine. So well is this understood in the United States that many thousand machines have been given to the mothers, daughters, and widows of soldiers who perished in the late war, and it has proved the cheapest, as well as the most delicate charity.

Besides these worthy objects of charity there are thousands of Englishwomen who feel the need of a sewing machine, and regret their inability to purchase it, while they have jewellery alone worth more than a good one would cost. An American woman in like circumstances would at once sell such profitless ornaments, buy the wished-for machine, and with it very soon earn enough to replace her lost jewels. And undoubtedly there are also thousands of thoughtless men who feel too poor to purchase a machine for their over-worked wives, while they themselves are indulging in costly luxuries. A little self-sacrifice on the part of such men would enable them to do it.

Our weaving and knitting are done by machinery why not our sewing?

The woman in a mill is equal to twenty-five women in India and China. Why should she be brought to their level at the fireside for the want of such labour-saving implements?

Of these implements the sewing machine is the most important.

The "Florence" claims for itself that it makes four different stitches: the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric—and that each machine has the reversible feed-motion, enabling the operator, by turning a thumb-screw, to fasten off seams without stopping the machine, or to run the work either to the left or right. The next point is the self-adjusting tension.

These are the main points of excellence claimed for this machine, and the points wherein it differs from other sewing machines; and having stated these, we will give a short history of the machine itself, and the place of its manufacture.

The original idea of the Florence sewing machine came from Leander W. Langdon, an inventive genius, who was always about machine shops, and always making something after his own notions. Finally, after a variety of singular mechanical successes, he took it into his head to make a sewing machine, and did so. This was in Rochester, U.S., and the same machine is now in the possession of the present Florence Company. After various efforts to bring his machine into notice, he came to Florence, Massachusetts, and brought it before Mr. S. L. Hill, and Mr. D. G. Littlefield. They saw its merit, and the final result was the formation of a company, with a capital of 300,000 dollars, to manufacture it. The

fame of the machine spread rapidly, and it became necessary to increase its production. This increase will be understood when it is said that in 1861 only 50 machines were sold; in 1862, 1,100; in 1863, 3,500; and in 1864, 6,000; while now, with a sale of 1,500 per month, the company are adding 200,000 dollars to their capital in order to increase the production of machines in proportion to the demand.

The process of manufacture is simply this:—

Upon the first, or ground floor of this immense factory, is the foundry. There all the castings are made, and on the same floor the jappanning is done. This is a most important branch of the manufacture, and—though apparently the rough part only—receives a high degree of attention.

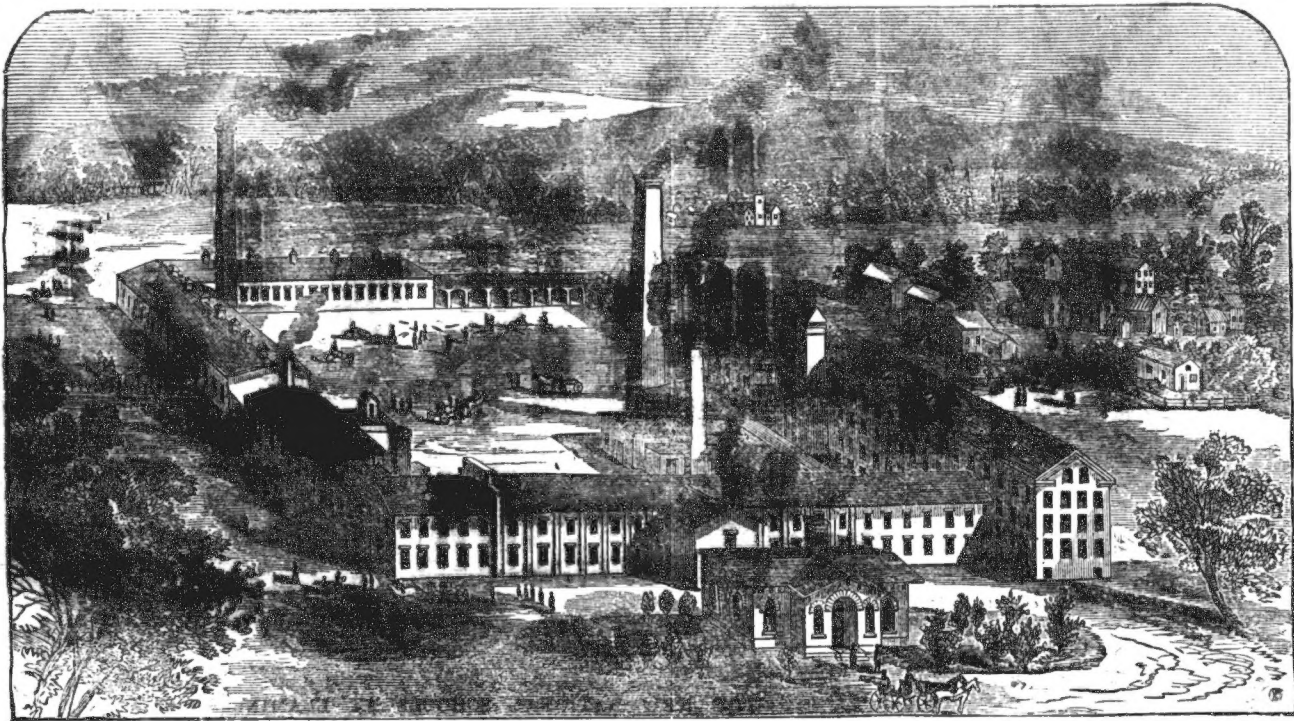
From the finishing and jappanning rooms of the first floor we go to those of the second, where all the small parts of the machine are made. There is a nicety of workmanship necessary here that must be seen to be understood. Every part of this beautiful machine is as accurate as those of a watch; and no machine goes from the manufactory without this accuracy and finish. Each of these parts, upon being finished, go to the assembly-room, upon the third floor, where they are put together, and set running by steam power, until all the parts of the machine work smoothly together, after which it is removed to the adjusting-room, on the same floor. In this room it is tried in every way, upon both cotton and silk, and if found to work with accuracy and decision, is removed to the inspecting-room. Here it undergoes another thorough examination in all its

parts, and if finally pronounced fit and a perfect machine, it is lowered to the first floor, and there receives its table.

These tables are made of different material—walnut, mahogany, or rosewood, and in great variety of style, in order fully to meet the requirements of trade both at home and abroad.

We have here endeavoured to give a clear and unvarnished account of what we must term a wonderful machine. That it has been appreciated greatly by the public is manifest from the steady increase in its sales. It has not been forced on the public, but has worked its own way. It is not a cheap machine in the common acceptance of the word, but it is still a cheap machine in fact. The cheapest of the Florence machines cost £10, while the same grade of other first-class machines cost £9. But this difference in price is more than made up in extra attachments, which are furnished free of charge with the Florence machine. This is the secret of its cheapness, to say nothing of its capability to do work of every kind. To this admirable machine, which may be considered the most perfect of its kind, the highest premium (Gold Medal) was awarded by the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Exhibition of the American Institute, held at New York, 1865. It also received the highest award for Family Sewing Machines at the Paris Exposition in 1867, and for a second time that of the American Institute.

We are not disposed in this summary to overcommend anything placed before the public for its suffrage, but when we know an article to be good we think we are only doing our duty to say so emphatically.



THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORY.



GOOD LISTENERS.

Good listeners are scarce, almost as scarce as good talkers. A good listener is no egotist, has but a moderate opinion of himself, is possessed of a great desire for information of all kinds of subjects, and of a hundred other fine qualities. It is too much the general impression that listening is merely a negative proceeding, but such is very far from being really the case. A perfectly inert person is not a good listener any more than a bolster is. You require the recipient of your talk to manifest intelligence, to show interest, and, what is more, to feel it. The fact is, that to listen well—as to do anything else well—is not easy. It is not easy even to listen well, as we observe not only in the conduct of bad actors and stage-amateurs, who break down in this particular, perhaps more often and more completely than in any other. You will see one of them listening—or rather not listening—to the most thrilling statements without being in the slightest degree affected by what he hears; thinking all the time of his own speech which is coming presently, or perhaps of his silk stockings and trunk-hose, but not of the murder of his wife and family of children, which is just being announced to him by a fortunate survivor among the last. It is difficult, then, even to appear to listen, whether on the stage or off it; and an experienced talker will almost always know whether the person he is addressing is attending or not by the expression of his countenance. When a man stares widely at you while you talk, you may generally have your doubts whether he really understands what you are saying to him; and when he repeats the last words of your sentences after you, in a soft tone of voice, you may be quite sure that he does not.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

YIA BAY, late Private Secretary to the Sultan and Minister of Justice in his Cabinet, and now a prominent member of the "Young Turkey party," has published an interesting memorandum on the Eastern question, in Paris. In this document he attributes the present threatening aspect of affairs in the East chiefly to the absence of any check on the sovereign power of the Sultan. The Turks, he says, are as badly governed, and as much oppressed, as the Christians; and the Great Powers, by interesting themselves only in behalf of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, and abandoning the Mussulman population to the arbitrary rule of the Government, only seconded the efforts of Russia to produce anarchy and civil war in the Sultan's dominions. The policy of the Powers should be to protect Turkey by radical reforms and liberal political institutions. Nor, continues the memorandum, can the matter be much longer postponed, for a Russian intervention, accompanied by an insurrection among the Turkish Slavs, is imminent. Such a catastrophe can only be prevented by the Powers inducing the Sultan to place himself at the head of the Turkish reform movement, and surrounded by new and popular advisers, to rescue both Turks and Christians alike from the oppression and misgovernment under which they now suffer. The disturbing influence of Russia would thus at once be neutralized, and Europe would be able to congratulate herself on the removal of one of the greatest dangers that threaten her peace.

CUBA AND SPAIN.

THE Cuba correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in allusion to the rumour that Spain is about to offer Cuba to the United States for the sum of 200,000,000 dollars, observed that the "acquisition of Cuba by the United States would undoubtedly be for the Cubans the realisation of a golden dream." But in another part of his letter he remarks that the slave traders of that island are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new captain-general, being persuaded that he will consent to tolerate the African slave trade under the guise of an apprenticeship-importation system, the Africans to receive, like the coolies, four dollars a month. It is difficult to reconcile these statements. No doubt the Cubans would be glad to shake off their expensive relations with the mother country, and, apart from the question of slavery, would probably prefer entering the Union to a state of Mexican independence and misrule. But there is evidently a party in the island who desire to revive the disgraceful traffic which since the conquest of the Southern Confederacy has scarcely kept itself alive; and even the most liberal-minded planters would scarcely, we imagine, look forward with pleasure to immediate and absolute and uncompensated emancipation—the only policy which the American people would be inclined to sanction were Cuba to be purchased by them.

FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT IN VICTORIA-STREET.—On Friday night a sad accident, by which a man, whose name is unknown, lost his life, occurred in Victoria-street. It would appear that the deceased was crossing the road opposite the Westminster Palace Hotel, when he suddenly found himself in front of the horses of a Camden-town omnibus that was being rapidly driven to the Victoria Station. In front of the man there was a little boy walking, and behind him there was another boy. A spectator stated that it would have been impossible for the deceased when he saw his danger to have got out of the way of the omnibus without knocking down either of the boys who would have, of course, been instantly killed, and, strange as it may appear, he did not rush out of the way, but allowed the horses to knock him down. The wheels passed over his chest, and his body was dreadfully crushed. Some policemen then ran to the spot, and the omnibus was stopped. The unfortunate man was carried to the Westminster Hospital, where he died in twenty minutes. The body was searched, and some groceries and a card about single men at lodging-houses was found in the deceased's pockets. He was a respectable-looking man, and looked like a mechanic, of about 50 years of age. Upon the deceased's death taking place the police at once arrested the driver of the omnibus upon the charge of causing it, and the prisoner will be taken before a magistrate.

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